



The Widow's Assassin by Nev Fountain

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time Lord. Adopts disguises of **TOCRODI** (accented like PTERATRARK); and **DRAST** (mournful like FLITAMUS).

PERI: NICOLA BRYANT

Formerly the Doctor's companion, then Yrcanos' Queen.

CONSTABLE WOLSEY:

Security Ram, a plain-speaking dour law enforcement type. Possibly Welsh. Also **MANDRAKE** (giant lizard monster).

BARON PTERATRARK:

Feathered aristocrat. Mid-East European accent. Also **GUARD #2** (Everyman bloke, cleverer than GUARD #1); and **SPONGE** (aka Prince Most-Deepest-All-Yellow – a creature whose translation device makes him sound like a cheery Japanese robot).

REVEREND FLITAMUS:

Bat-thing. Religious and disapproving, monk-like in demeanour, with deep (altered) voice. Also **GUARD #1** (simple Everyman bloke).

PRINCESS DIRANI:

Young lady, wise but vulnerable.

HARCROSS THE EVER-PATIENT:

Bit of a posho milksop, Queen Peri's greatest fan. Also **PHEN-TU** (an empathy sprite); and **FLUNKEY**.

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PART ONE

1: NARRATION

GRAMS: 'GAME OF THRONES' TYPE MUSIC.

WOLSEY:

Once, long ago, in a land of monsters and corridors, a fair maiden was captured, and placed in a deep sleep.

She was used to being captured, and she had a hero who rescued her on just such occasions. But this time the hero never came. And the fair maiden slept on.

Eventually, a King rescued the maiden, and made her his bride, which many wise old women might tell you is just another way of capturing fair maidens.

And still the fair maiden slept on.

Then, the hero had another stab at rescuing the maiden from her prison, but he was too late, and more importantly, he had forgotten the rules of fairy tales.

He didn't slay the dragon.

GRAMS: OPENING THEME

2: INT. PALACE — OUTER CORRIDORS

FX: FOOTSTEPS.

GUARD #1:

Halt! Who goes there?

GUARD #2:

(APPROACHING) It's me.

GUARD #1:

Say the thing.

GUARD #2:

Oh come on... You know who I am.

GUARD #1:

You're not getting past without saying the thing.

GUARD #2:

(SIGH) "Long live King Yrcanos."

GUARD #1:

You can't be too careful. Not at this time of dire portents.

GUARD #2:

What portents?

GUARD #1:

Dire ones. And dread visions as well. Look, just take my word for it. Things are abroad. Signs are in the air.

GUARD #2:

Don't tell me about the tree again.

GUARD #1:

It was shaped exactly like Hubris the Prophet.

GUARD #2:

It had *swallowed* Hubris the Prophet. It was a flesh-eating death shrub.

GUARD #1:

For your information, oh cynical one, I actually heard a dread portent just this minute. The cry of the War God. It sent chills into my very soul... It was a sort of euuugh! Euurggh! noise. — No. Actually, more like a vwooooorp, vwooooorrrp.

GUARD #2:

You idiot. I heard it too. It was the call of a bull Gorgadillo on the first night of middens' eve, heralding the fact the crops are going to be a bit dodgy this season.

GUARD #1:

Now who's delusional? It was the War God!

GUARD #2:

It was a Gorgadillo, you twit!

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Gentlemen, gentlemen, please desist. I can't bear to see guards squabbling when they should be guarding.

GUARD #1:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

I am a travelling expert on unusual and portentous noises.

GUARD #2:

Ooh. That's lucky.

DOCTOR:

Allow me to settle your squabble. I believe the sound you heard was not a God, or a Gorgadillo. It was nothing less than the mighty engine of an incredibly sophisticated inter-dimensional craft.

GUARD #1:

Oh.

GUARD #2:

Not a portent then.

DOCTOR:

Ah, but it is the best type of portent. It is a portent that a hero of infinite wisdom is coming here, to the planet Krontep. A Time Lord.

GUARD #1:

Time Lord? Hang on, wait a minute... let me get my notes out. (PULLS NOTE OUT OF POCKET; READS) "Expect an incredibly sophisticated craft... blah... inter-dimensional... blah... coat..." Oh yeah! "Time Lord, calls himself 'the Doctor...'"

DOCTOR:

That's me. I'm glad I'm expected.

GUARD #2:

(KNOWING) Oh yeah. You're expected, alright.

CUT TO:

3: INT. PALACE CORRIDORS (FEW MOMENTS LATER)

FX: ALARM KLAXON.

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING, PANTING HEAVILY)

GUARD #2:
(BEHIND, RUNNING TO STOP) There he is!

GUARD #1:
(BEHIND) Stop! Or we fire!

DOCTOR:
(BREATHLESS, CALLING BACK) Gentlemen, there must be some mistake. My invitation must have been lost in the post...

FX: BLASTER FIRE.

DOCTOR:
I do tend to move around a lot. Perhaps you could check the guest list?

FX: BLASTER FIRE.

DOCTOR:
I think I'm probably sitting on the bride's side. (RUNS OFF, GUARDS IN PURSUIT)

4: INT. PERI'S CHAMBER

FX: DISTANT ALARMS. KNOCK ON DOOR.

PERI:
Come!

FX: DOOR OPENS. THROUGH IT WE HEAR:

GUARD #1:
(OFF) I think I saw him over there!

GUARD #2:
(OFF) No! Over there! (THEY RUN)

WOLSEY:
(CLEARS THROAT) Your Highness. I thought you ought to know, the Doctor's here.

PERI:
Thank you, Wolsey. I kind of guessed from the alarms and the shouting and the gunfire.

WOLSEY:
I've got the men searching top to bottom. He won't get far.

PERI:
Good. Thank you, Wolsey.

WOLSEY:
I aim to serve, Ma'am.

PERI:
Oh, and Wolsey.

WOLSEY:
Yes, Ma'am?

PERI:
He's really not a bad person, once you get to know him.

WOLSEY:
I'm sure he's not, Ma'am. (EXITS)

FX: DOOR SLAM. BEAT.

DOCTOR:
(MUFFLED) Has he gone?

PERI:
Yes, you can come out now.

FX: RUSTLE OF SKIRTS.

DOCTOR:

I've never hidden under a wedding dress before. But it was bound to happen eventually. Hello, Peri.

PERI:

Hello Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I... appear not to have been invited to your wedding.

PERI:

No, you weren't.

DOCTOR:

I see. That explains it. I did search for an invitation. Anything from you, in fact. A note. A letter. Something. I spent quite a long time looking in the ruins of Thoros Beta, but I never did find a message.

PERI:

The fact I left with Yrcanos without waiting to say goodbye. That was your message.

DOCTOR:

Oh.

PERI:

Do you get the message now?

DOCTOR:

Painfully, yes I do.

PERI:

So why are you here, Doctor? It's really not a good time. I'm changing for the reception.

DOCTOR:

Well, as you say, you're very busy, I'm not sure I should burden you [with]

PERI:

(INTERRUPTING) Don't tell me. You've left another of your companions for dead, and you came to persuade me to rejoin you in your travels because you felt a bit lonely?

FX: DUB IN FLASHBACK — DOCTOR REMEMBERS CLOSING MOMENTS OF 'SCAVENGER':

PERI:

No, Doctor. I'm not coming with you. No adventures, no escape. No lift home, because that would give you the tiniest crumb of comfort; that by accepting your help, I've in some small way forgiven you for nearly letting me die. And I haven't. And I'm not giving you what you want. Not this time.

DOCTOR:

Please, Peri. I know you still believe in me. I heard you say I wasn't a bad person, once you got to know me.

PERI:

(CALLING OFF) Wolsey?

WOLSEY:

(BEHIND DOOR) Right here, Ma'am.

PERI:

You can come in now.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

PERI:

"He's not really a bad person once you get to know him" is actually our code phrase, meaning: "The Doctor is here, please apprehend him when I give the order."

WOLSEY:

Come on, Doctor — move.

DOCTOR:

Peri!

PERI:

Go on Doctor, off you go, off to the cells, and then you can wait a few minutes, do a little trick with a thingamajig, and you can escape, and disappear into the night, and we never have to see each other for the rest of our lives.

DOCTOR:

I won't let it end like this, Peri.

FX: DOOR CLOSSES. FOLLOW DOCTOR AND WOLSEY AS THEY WALK OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR.

WOLSEY:

Don't give me any trouble, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Perish the thought. — I presume the cells are down here?

5: NARRATION

WOLSEY:

The Doctor stayed in his cell and refused to escape. The guest who wouldn't leave, even after the chairs were stacked and the wedding presents were all hung up in the armoury.

I did not visit him until seven days after the wedding...

CROSS TO:

6: INT. DUNGEON

FX: HEAVY DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Constable Wolsey. Good morning. Or is it evening? It's difficult to tell down here.

WOLSEY:

You Guards – on your way. There's a code black emergency. Report to the main hall.

GUARDS #1 & #2:

Yes, sir!

FX: GUARDS EXIT DOWN OUTSIDE CORRIDOR.

WOLSEY:

I want a word with you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Do you have an appointment? I'm a very busy man. I'm teaching the Guards how to play Yahtzee this afternoon. They really are delightful. Do you know their names?

WOLSEY:

No, I don't.

DOCTOR:

I would have thought as their Commander you'd have taken an interest, but... The taller Guard is Guard One, and the shorter one is Guard Two. They're brothers. Their family have been in the guarding business for generations. Their mother thought it would save confusion to name them Guard One and Guard Two, to make things easy for any busy commander-at-arms they'd inevitably serve under. Mothers are wonderful, [aren't they?]

WOLSEY:

King Yrcanos is dead.

DOCTOR:

What?

WOLSEY:

Yrcanos is dead.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Oh dear. I'm very sorry. He was a brave and noble warrior. How is Queen Peri taking it?

WOLSEY:

Well, we've just finished clearing away the royal reception and now she's going to have to organise a royal funeral.

DOCTOR:

Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The wedding meat can coldly furnish the funeral tables... Alas, poor Yrcanos. – So how did he finally go to the Hall of his Gods? No doubt he was busy slicing through his enemies like luncheon meat [and got unlucky]

WOLSEY:

He was poisoned.

DOCTOR:

Poisoned?! That's hardly the way he would have wanted to go. – Hold on, are you here because you suspect me?

WOLSEY:

No, unfortunately.

DOCTOR:

Good, because I've had enough trials and sentences of death to last several lifetimes.

WOLSEY:

Someone slipped him Trimorphol. It's a genetically manufactured poison that you can programme to kill your victim at a time of your choosing. This particular dose was programmed to take exactly ten days... then, *bam!* He was gone.

DOCTOR:

How terrible.

WOLSEY:

I was wondering if you could apply that legendary intellect of yours to helping me find out who?

DOCTOR:

I'll do what I can.

WOLSEY:

I have a theory. I think the murderer wanted to keep Yrcanos alive long enough to get married, so on his death, the throne would transfer to his Queen.

DOCTOR:

Ah. You think someone wanted to wait a while, woo the Queen, marry her, and take the Crown.

WOLSEY:

Exactly.

DOCTOR:

Ten days you say... What was Yrcanos doing ten days ago?

WOLSEY:

He was leaving for his stag night, hunting Varneks in the Hinterlands with several prominent galactic nobles. Here's the list of who went hunting with him.

FX: RUSTLE OF PAPER.

DOCTOR:

Baron Pteratrark...

WOLSEY:

He was the one who kept moulting over the bridesmaids. He's always had ambitions to take over this part of space. Same with the Reverend Flitamus, but he's more of a religious fanatic.

DOCTOR:

(READING) 'Prince Harcross the Ever-patient...'

WOLSEY:

Harcross is not an empire-builder, but he's developed a thing for Queen Peri. Apparently, if you go to his castle there are busts of her everywhere.

DOCTOR:

I see. And having such deadly rivals invited to a stag night and a wedding wasn't seen as risky in any way?

WOLSEY:

It's politics, Doctor. If he didn't invite them it would have been war, guaranteed.

DOCTOR:

Well, Mr Wolsey, this seems an intriguing problem. You will need to interview all these suspects, of course. Are they attending the funeral?

WOLSEY:

No. They've all been called away on urgent business on their respective homeworlds.

DOCTOR:

How convenient.

WOLSEY:

I thought that.

DOCTOR:

I suggest we save time and use my TARDIS to investigate them. When Queen Peri has recovered from her grief, perhaps she'd like to accompany us? I'm sure she could provide valuable insights into each of them.

WOLSEY:

That might be awkward. Queen Peri is not taking part in these investigations.

DOCTOR:

Not taking part? Her husband has been murdered! The Peri I know would not rest until she found the murderer! I'm only amazed she's not in here right now helping us work out our – [strategy] (BEAT) She doesn't know you're here, does she?

WOLSEY:

No.

DOCTOR:

She doesn't even know you're talking to me.

WOLSEY:

No, she doesn't.

DOCTOR:

So, can I take it from the secret nature of this conversation, that she hasn't requested my help?

WOLSEY:

No.

DOCTOR:

I'll thank you to leave this cell, Constable Wolsey.

WOLSEY:

Doctor...

DOCTOR:

Wolsey, let me explain the rules, because you seem to have forgotten them. Peri is the Queen, I am her unpardoned prisoner and you are my jailer. There is a feudal hierarchy here that you tamper with at your peril. We must all know our place in this kingdom.

WOLSEY:

Yes, but [even so]

DOCTOR:

Kindly close the door on your way out, you'll leave a draught.

7: NARRATION

GRAMS: 'GAME OF THRONES' MUSIC.

WOLSEY:

The Doctor was adamant that he would not leave his cell without forgiveness from his Queen, and she was equally adamant that she would not give it.

I conducted enquiries into the death of the King, but my investigations came to nothing, and Yrcanos passed into history.

Five years went by, and still the Doctor did not attempt to escape. Every time I checked on him there he was, sitting innocently on his chaise-longue, reading his books and listening to his gramophone.

As the years passed, his cheery presence unnerved me. Once I even left the door of his cell open, hoping that he'd go quietly, but come the morning he was still there. He had fashioned a crude key using old finger bones, teeth and paper clips and locked the door for me.

Then, five years later...

CROSS TO:

8: INT. DUNGEON/CORRIDOR

FX: KEYS. CELL DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Constable. Good to see you [again.]

WOLSEY:

Guards! Escort the Doctor out.

GUARD #1:

Alright, Doctor. On your feet.

AS THE DOCTOR IS ESCORTED OUT:

DOCTOR:

Good to see you again, Guard One. How's the old trouble?

GUARD #1:

Much better, Doctor, thanks to your magic fingers. I can raise my spear above my head again. Couldn't do that a month ago.

FX: DOOR SHUT BEHIND. ALL BEGIN WALKING DOWN CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:

Splendid. And how are the little ones, Guard Two?

GUARD #2:

Oh, they're fantastic, Doctor. Guard Four has just broken his first tooth and Guard Three has just started Guarding School.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't time fly.

GUARD #2:

Yeah. She'll be starting to patrol before you know it.

DOCTOR:

Tell them they'll have a little surprise in their snowboots come Hogmas day.

GUARD #2:

Aww, you spoil them, Doctor.

WOLSEY:

Can we have a bit little of dignity, please? We are meant to be prisoner and escorts here.

GUARDS #1 & #2:

Sorry, sir.

DOCTOR:

Can I ask where we're going?

WOLSEY:

You'll see.

FX: WALK OFF. CUT TO:

9: INT. SPACE DOCK

FX: AIRLOCK-STYLE MECHANICAL DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR, GUARDS AND WOLSEY EMERGE INTO AN ECHOEY SPACE DOCK.

DOCTOR:

My goodness. That's quite a craft.

WOLSEY:

That's the Royal Scoutship. *The Sword of Peace*. It was christened by Queen Peri herself. Of course, in the old days of Yrcanos it was called *The Spirit of Utmost Belligerence*.

DOCTOR:

Ah, dear old Yrcanos. He never changed, did he?

WOLSEY:

You never gave him enough credit, Doctor. He was always open-minded when it came to new technology. Open-minded enough to authorise the use of Crozier's research to augment me into a sheep.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm not sure why you were made into a sheep, Wolsey.

WOLSEY:

I've got four stomachs now. Good for a policeman. When I get a gut feeling, I really get a gut feeling.

FX: SCOUTSHIP HATCH OPENS. PERI WALKS DOWN METAL GANGPLANK.

PERI:

Welcome aboard, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Peri! I'm... glad to see you. You look well.

PERI:

Thanks. You look... well...

(AWKWARD PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry about Yrcanos.

PERI:

So am I.

(AWKWARD PAUSE)

PERI:

I'm sorry you've been in our dungeon for five years.

DOCTOR:

(WITH FEELING) So am I.

PERI:

Look... I want to say something.

DOCTOR:

I'd like to say something too.

PERI:

Okay, you first.

DOCTOR:

I just want to say I'm really, truly sorry for what happened on Thoros Beta. And if there's any way I can make amends...

PERI:

... I know that. I think I've always known. That's why I want to apologise for not asking you to help investigate Yrcanos's murder.

DOCTOR:

I know that it will take time to forgive me. I had faith in you, Peri. Please have faith in me.

PERI:

Doctor. I hereby pardon you and hope you pardon me in return. I humbly request you sit at my right hand as the Queen's Adviser.

FX: LINKING MUSIC.

10: INT. SCOUTSHIP CORRIDOR (IN FLIGHT)

FX: WALKING IN SHIP.

WOLSEY:

I don't like involving the Doctor, Ma'am.

PERI:

Why not?

WOLSEY:

The late King had many stories about the Doctor. Some of them good, some of them... Well, I don't like to speak ill of your friend, but from all accounts he was volatile. Able to switch sides and betray his allies when the mood took him.

PERI:

That was only my husband's experience of him, Wolsey. The Doctor I remember was... eccentric at times, yes, but a noble soul, always willing to fight on behalf of the underdog.

WOLSEY:

I don't like dogs. They worry me.

PERI:

Perhaps you should debrief the Doctor. Tell him where we're going. It'll give you a chance to get to know him better.

WOLSEY:

Hmph.

PERI:

Oh, go on. You know how you like debriefings. – I'll let you use the holographic visualiser...?

11: INT. SCOUTSHIP — CONFERENCE ROOM (IN FLIGHT)

FX: BUTTON. SHIMMER AS IMAGE POPS UP.

WOLSEY:

This is Baron Pteratrark. Ruler of Terterra. Very fond of duelling, and having his honour offended. Can start a war over a dropped napkin. Known associates:

FX: BUTTON. SHIMMER.

WOLSEY:

Him in the mask. Surgeon Tocrodi. A military doctor who restrains Baron Pteratrark's more bloodthirsty excesses.

FX: BUTTON. SHIMMER.

WOLSEY:

This is Reverend Flitamus of Chiroptera. As Head of State, he likes to think himself defender of all faiths. He changes his religion every morning and launches crusades against anyone who wears the wrong type of hat. Known associates:

FX: BUTTON. SHIMMER.

WOLSEY:

The cowled gentleman is Drast, an acolyte who literally refuses to step outside Flitamus's shadow.

FX: BUTTON. SHIMMER.

WOLSEY:

Now we come to Prince Harcross the Ever-P- (EXASPERATION)
Doctor, will you pay attention!

DOCTOR:

Sorry, but is this really necessary? I don't really work like this. I tend to dive into my adventures, and rely on my wits...

WOLSEY:

Humour me.

FX: BUTTON. SHIMMER.

WOLSEY:

This is the planet Hurn.

DOCTOR:

Very pretty.

WOLSEY:

I suppose you've been there.

DOCTOR:
Several times.

WOLSEY:
Shall I carry on?

DOCTOR:
Please do.

WOLSEY:
(SIGHS) Population six million, mainly agrarian. A peaceful and friendly planet, on the whole.

DOCTOR:
My goodness! Did you say peaceful and friendly?

WOLSEY:
Yes. What's so important about that?

DOCTOR:
Nothing. I'm just humouring you.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

WOLSEY:
(GRITTED TEETH) As I was saying... Hurn is on the verge of joining the Tantross Coalition.

PERI:
(ENTERING) And that is why I've been invited as a royal observer, Doctor. Princess Dirani is choosing her husband out of a number of possible suitors.

DOCTOR:
Ah. And would their number include Baron Pteratrark, Reverend Flitamus and Prince Harcross, by any chance?

PERI:
All three have made offers of marriage to me over the years, and now, frustrated with my rebuttals, they have settled their sights on the Princess. No doubt hoping sweet words and expensive trinkets will turn their small empires into larger ones.

WOLSEY:
I've provided detailed biogs for each of the suspects.

DOCTOR:
There's really no need, Wolsey. I have conducted a little research of my own.

WOLSEY:

What do you mean by that?

DOCTOR:

I'll explain later.

WOLSEY:

I can't wait.

PERI:

Landfall in fifteen minutes, gentlemen. (AS SHE EXITS) Smarten yourselves up, we've a Royal Banquet to attend..

FX: LINKING MUSIC.

9: INT. BIG HALL

FX: FADE UP. ECHOING. MURMURING OF CROWD.

PERI:

No matter how many times I come here, Doctor, I can never get over how big this hall is. It was constructed around the skeleton of a fully-grown Megaptera.

DOCTOR:

How distasteful.

PERI:

But you must admit it's incredibly impressive.

DOCTOR:

Impressively distasteful, yes.

FLUNKEY:

(BOOMING FROM ACROSS HALL) Pray be upstanding, delegates, for the Princess is on her way to the Hall.

FX: SQUEAL OF CHAIRS AS CROWD STAND UP AS ONE.

NB: THE DOCTOR AND PERI SPEAK IN LOW VOICES THROUGHOUT.

DOCTOR:

Peri, I have a confession to make.

PERI:

Can't it wait? Princess Dirani is about to make her address.

DOCTOR:

No, I have to say this. When I came to see you five years ago.. You were right.

PERI:

About what?

DOCTOR:

I WAS lonely. I had recently lost a friend. And that experience made me want to see you, in the hope I hadn't lost you too. Truth to tell, I was afraid of what I might discover.

PERI:

You? Afraid?

DOCTOR:

I knew you might have been angry, but I didn't expect you to leave with Yrcanos. I thought you would have at least waited for me. A week. Even a day.

PERI:

Doctor... sometimes, when we humans feel our lives are going in the wrong direction, we just need to decide to change it. I expect you've never had that urge.

DOCTOR:

I understand. That's why I'm roaming the universe instead of cataloguing Gallifreyan data coils.

PERI:

When Yrcanos saved me I just thought, 'This is my chance to get away from you.'

DOCTOR:

(LOUD) Get away? But – we had such fun!

DELEGATE:

(SHUSHES DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(LOW VOICE) Remember when I shoved the Borad into the Timelash? And that time when we went fishing for Gumblejack? Oh, and remember when I performed that card trick for the Hydrads, so they got confused and tied their heads together? And who could forget when we danced around those Monoids until they collapsed of dizziness?

PERI:

(LOW VOICE) As If I could forget!

DOCTOR:

(LOUD) Those Monoids had an eye for you, Peri.

DELEGATE:

Do be quiet, sir!

DOCTOR:

I'm just talking to my friend here!

FX: FANFARE. CROWD CONVERSATIONS DIE DOWN. CROSS TO TOP OF HALL.

FLUNKEY:

Pray silence for Princess Dirani, regent of Hurn. May none cough, chat amongst themselves, or allow their mobile communication devices to sound, while her majesty is speaking.

DIRANI:

Honoured guests. Welcome to Hurn. I will not make a long speech, for we are all aware of the reason we are here. I know that many of you are eager to pledge their troth to me. As you can see standing at the edge of the room are servants with scrolls, and if you give your names to them you will be allocated a ten-minute window, during such time you can make your pitch. Those I select will be put through to throne camp and thence to the live final at Hurn Cathedral.

But all of that is for tomorrow. I know many of you have come many light years, and you must be very tired. I will take my leave of you now. Please eat, drink and retire to your quarters.

FX: FANFARE AS DIRANI EXITS. ASSEMBLED DELEGATES SIT AND START EATING. CROSS BACK TO DOCTOR AND PERI.

PERI:

Look over there. There's Baron Pteratrark.

PTERATRARK:

(OFF) Come, Tocrodi. Let us drink until we argue with the furniture and find ourselves unable to count our own feet.

TOCRODI:

(OFF) Ha! You talk like a girl, Baron. Let us drink until we argue with our feet and use each other as furniture.

PTERATRARK:

(OFF) Ha!

TOCRODI:

(OFF) Ha!

PERI:

The masked man with him is Surgeon Tocrodi, loyal friend of the Baron. – And over there, skulking in the shadows, is Reverend Flitamus, and the character in that cowl is his acolyte, Drast.

DRAST:

(OFF) Would you like some rat scratchings, Reverend?

FLITAMUS:

(OFF) I will decline on this occasion, Drast. But you pop open a bag if our current God wills you eat.

DOCTOR:

So you do this a lot, do you, Peri? Going from planet to planet? Being a royal observer?

PERI:

Since my husband died, yes. I felt I had a calling to go and work as an ambassador to spread peace. If there's conflict between warlords, I go with my entourage to seek them out and try and avoid bloodshed.

DOCTOR:

So you're a sort of... relationship counsellor?

PERI:

I guess you could put it like that, [yes.]

FLITAMUS:

(OFF, OUTRAGED) Godless, feckless deviant – you deliberately brushed past me!

DOCTOR:

Hello. What's going on over there...?

FX: CROSS TO ANOTHER PART OF HALL:

PTERATRARK:

"Brush past you" I did not!

FLITAMUS:

You allowed your unclean feathers to touch my holy cloak.

PTERATRARK:

How dare you insult me?! – I will ruffle my plumage at you in a disdainful manner.

FLITAMUS:

Typical of a Pteratrark. Do you not see how you insult the Princess by your presence?

PTERATRARK:

Oh, yeah, she was so insulted. She just looked at me like she wanted me. And then I undressed her with my eyes.

FLITAMUS:

You dare to undress the Princess Dirani with your eyes?

PTERATRARK:

I dare!

FLITAMUS:

I will not rise to this.

PTERATRARK:

No-one turns their back on Baron Pteratrark! Prepare to die!

FX: SHOVE, TABLES, CHAIRS SCATTERED.

PTERATRARK:

You are up against a master now, Flitamus. Not one of those peasants you burn at the stake...

FX: SWORDS CLASHING – LUNGE, PARRY. CROSS BACK TO DOCTOR/PERI.

DOCTOR:

They're very volatile, aren't they?

PERI:

You should see them at weekends. I'm amazed they haven't vaporised each other's empires by now.

FX: CROSS BACK TO FIGHT.

PTERATRARK:

(SWORDFIGHTING) I am the finest swordsmen in Terterra – aren't I, Tocrodi? Tell him!

TOCRODI:

The Baron is the finest swordsmen in Terterra.

PTERATRARK:

(SWORDFIGHTING) There, I told you...

FLITAMUS:

(SWORDFIGHTING) I have God on my side. – Which God am I worshipping today, Drast?

DRAST:

Today? Zorn the Vengeful.

FLITAMUS:

(SWORDFIGHTING) Oh good, one of the violent ones.

FX: CROSS BACK TO DOCTOR/PERI.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps we should get out of here. Wouldn't want to be impaled by a stray rapier on my first day out of prison. That would be most embarrassing.

PERI:

Don't worry Doctor, they'll be engaging the anti-gravity fields any moment [now.]

FX: OFF – FORCE FIELD ACTIVATED.

PTERATRARK & FLITAMUS:

(OFF – CRY AS THEY ARE LIFTED INTO THE AIR)

FX: OFF – SWORDS CLATTER TO GROUND.

PTERATRARK:

(OFF) What outrage is this?

FLITAMUS:

(OFF) Release us at once!

PERI:

They'll be hanging off the ceiling for hours.

DOCTOR:

Won't they mind?

PERI:

It's all just macho posturing. I'm sure they hope it'll be reported to the Princess Dirani, and it'll be enough to get them through to the next round.

DOCTOR:

Peri. What I said earlier. You're not just using me to find a murderer, are you?

PERI:

I don't know what you mean. Why else would I want you here?

DOCTOR:

I need to know. There is still a part of you who is still... my friend. You are my friend, aren't you Peri?

(A PAUSE)

PERI:

I... Doctor, I... I... don't feel so good. I need to lie down.

DOCTOR:

Of course. (SHOUTING) Make way. Queen Peri is unwell! Move out of the way, nothing to see here!

FX: BUSY BUSTLING OFF. FADE.

10: INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR

GUARD #1:

(EXPERIMENTING) Long live QUEEN Perpugilliam... Long LIVE Queen Perpugilliam. Yes, it might work...

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP) Good day to you, Guards. How goes the day?

GUARD #1:

Good, thanks Doctor.

GUARD #2:

We've upgraded. Got a new password.

GUARD #1:

LONG live Queen Perpugilliam!

DOCTOR:

Marvellous! I think Constable Wolsey needs you in the guest quarters. Queen Peri has retired to her chamber for the night with a bit of a dicky tummy.

GUARD #2:

Nothing serious, I hope?

DOCTOR:

Oh no. I'm sure it's nothing.

WOLSEY:

(RUNNING UP) Detain that man! Don't let him get away!

GUARD #1:

What man?

DOCTOR:

Ah, I think he means me...

WOLSEY:

The Doctor! (ARRIVING) Arrest him, you fools!

GUARD #2:

The Doctor?

WOLSEY:

Hold him! Grab his arms!

(STRUGGLE AS GUARDS HOLD THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

I think you'd better hold me tighter than that, boys. The Constable seems very cross.

FX: WOLSEY HITS THE DOCTOR.

WOLSEY:

Queen Peri trusted you, Doctor, and this is how you repay her.

GUARD #1:

(LOW VOICE) What's he going on about?

GUARD #2:

(LOW VOICE) Dunno.

WOLSEY:

Doctor, I am arresting you for the murder of Queen Perpugilliam.

DOCTOR:

Oh dear. I knew you were going to say that.

WOLSEY:

Really? Then you will know that I will shortly execute you in accordance with the maximum penalty specified in Galactic charter twelve, concerning treason and regicide!

GUARD #1:

I think we're going to need another password.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(NO REPRISE)

11: INT. ANTECHAMBER

WOLSEY:

(STRIDING IN) Flunkey, let me pass! I desire an audience with the Princess Dirani.

FLUNKEY:

Sorry, Constable, she's busy. (FX: SCROLL UNFURLED) She's currently interviewing... (READING) The first sea-sponge of the Anemone tribes, the Prince Most-Deepest-All-Yellow.

WOLSEY:

When will she be finished?

FLUNKEY:

He only just went in. But by the look of him, I don't think he'll be in there very long.

12: INT. THRONE ROOM

SPONGE:

(MECHANICAL TRANSLATOR FX) Greetings to you, Princess.

DIRANI:

And to you, Prince Most-Deepest-All-Yellow.

SPONGE:

Your skin is like the deepest and most blue-green parts of my kingdom. The parts that we excrete in for great fortune.

DIRANI:

Oh, that's very..

SPONGE:

Please allow me to break off a piece of myself, as a gift to you.

FX: TEARING OFF BIT OF CORAL.

SPONGE:

Put it on a dish of water on your windowsill, and it will grow into another me.

DIRANI:

(TAKING CORAL) Lovely.

13: INT. ANTECHAMBER

FX: AUTOMATED DOOR OPENS.

FLUNKEY:

A 'no' from the Princess, was it?

SPONGE:

(EXITING) It was a 'no'.

FX: AS HE SQUELCHES OFF:

FLUNKEY:

Sorry to hear that, your Highness.

WOLSEY:

(CLEARS THROAT)

FLUNKEY:

You can go in now, Constable. The Princess has a few minutes before the next suitor.

WOLSEY:

Thank you.

FX: FOLLOW WOLSEY INTO:

14: INT. THRONE ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: AS WOLSEY APPROACHES:

DIRANI:

Constable Wolsey. – I'm sorry to learn of your loss.

WOLSEY:

(STOPPING AT THRONE) So am I, Princess Dirani.

DIRANI:

Queen Peri has served the Coalition well. I will ensure that Hurn plays full tribute to her.

WOLSEY:

Thank you.

DIRANI:

Where is Queen Peri now?

WOLSEY:

Resting in her quarters.

DIRANI:

Tell her she is welcome to an audience with me at any time.

WOLSEY:

You're very gracious, but my Queen is still coming to terms with her impending death. She wants news of this to be kept secret, to avoid overshadowing the ceremony.

DIRANI:

Of course.

PHEN-TU:

(SMALL VOICE, SNIVELLING, UNDER THRONE) Tell him to go away. Please...

WOLSEY:

Your Highness? Is there someone in here with us-?

DIRANI:

Oh dear, your grief is affecting my empathy sprite. He is cowering under my throne, but he will need all his wits about him when I receive my other suitors. I'm sorry, but I will have to ask you to leave.

PHEN-TU:

(MOANS)

WOLSEY:

Of course, Your Highness. – Can I just ask one favour? Your suitors were in the hall when the incident happened. I should like to question them.

DIRANI:

Certainly. I give you royal licence. Have you questioned your chief suspect yet?

WOLSEY:

Not yet, my lady. He is in the interrogation room. I intend to go there... presently.

CUT TO:

15: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

FX: WOLSEY BANGS FIST ON TABLE.

WOLSEY:

Talk!!!

DOCTOR:

How's Peri?

WOLSEY:

Dying.

DOCTOR:

Oh. – Do please sit down, Constable. You're making me nervous.

FX: CHAIR IS PULLED UP. AS WOLSEY SITS:

WOLSEY:

I had a big four-gut feeling about you, Doctor. I should have listened to one of them. What are you? Some kind of anti-monarchist sleeper agent?

DOCTOR:

You think I waited five years to kill the Queen? My goodness, that is a long-term plan.

WOLSEY:

Queen Peri has got Trimorphol in her body now, and she didn't have it in her body before. You were sitting next to her at the banquet. Her drink, which you poured for her, contained Trimorphol. What else am I supposed to conclude?

DOCTOR:

How long has Peri got?

WOLSEY:

I don't see why I should tell you anything. You can rot in the dungeons for all I care. Guards!

FX: DOOR OPENS.

GUARD #1:

Sir?

WOLSEY:

Drag the Doctor below and lock him up.

FX: GUARDS MARCH UP TO DOCTOR.

GUARD #1:

Sorry about this, Doctor. I'm sure it's all a misunderstanding.
(GRABS DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

I wish I had your optimism, Guard One.

WOLSEY:

(TO GUARDS) Don't be too gentle about it!

GUARD #2:

I'm going to have to punch you in the stomach now, Doctor, if that's alright?

DOCTOR:

Be my guest.

FX: DOCTOR PUNCHED IN THE STOMACH.

DOCTOR:

(SMALL GASP)

GUARD #2:

Sorry about that. Protocol.

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't worry. I've had worse.

WOLSEY:

(TO GUARDS) Go!!!

FX: DOCTOR MARCHED OFF BY GUARDS. FADE.

16: INT. CELL

FX: RATTLE OF KEYS BEHIND DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

GUARD #1:

Here we go. It's not as nice as your last cell. Bit pokey.

DOCTOR:

Well, when one gets to my age, one looks to downsize.

GUARD #2:

Good for you, Doc. Keep that sense of humour going.

FX: DOOR CLANGS SHUT. AS GUARDS WALK AWAY DOWN CORRIDOR:

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS)

HARCROSS:

(OFF) Hello? Is that somebody new?

DOCTOR:

(STARTLED) Yes. — Where are you? It's a bit [dark.]

HARCROSS:

(OFF) Over here, chained to the wall.

FX: FOLLOW AS DOCTOR CROSSES TO OTHER SIDE OF CELL.

DOCTOR:

So you are. — Are you alright?

HARCROSS:

Oh yes. I expect they'll let me out soon. I am royalty, you know.

DOCTOR:

In which case, may I ask why you're in here?

HARCROSS:

They 'said' I broke the terms of my intergalactic restraining order. They 'said' I was hiding under Queen Peri's bed. I wasn't, you know. I was just examining the room for booby traps.

DOCTOR:

Ah. — Prince Harcross the Ever-patient, I presume?

HARCROSS:

You've heard of me?

DOCTOR:

Queen Peri did mention you.

HARCROSS:

You mean, you've talked to Queen Peri? Actually talked?

DOCTOR:

From time to time.

HARCROSS:

You are so lucky. Tell me, have you ever heard her laugh? I've heard her scream and shout for her guards, but I've never heard her laugh before. I've always wondered what it sounds like. I like to imagine it to be like tinkly heavenly music. Is her laugh like music?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Well, it's more of a snort, really. I suppose her nose is a wind instrument of sorts, so you could describe it as music.

HARCROSS:

I knew it. Like the heavenly music of my home planet, Hobrill Minor.

DOCTOR:

I can't say I've heard of it.

HARCROSS:

Oh, don't apologise. If I didn't come from it, I wouldn't have heard of it either. It's a nothing little place. That's the reason why I am Ever-patient. My kingdom isn't important enough for Queen Peri to deign to consider a royal union, but I live in hope. Could you tell her I'm still very keen?

DOCTOR:

If I ever see her again, I'll let her know.

17: INT. CORRIDOR/ANTECHAMBER

FX: PTERATRARK AND TOCRODI WALKING.

PTERATRARK:

So Tocrodi, here is my plan. I have my strategy all worked out.

TOCRODI:

You have a strategy, Baron?

PTERATRARK:

Of course I do, Tocrodi. One must look on marriage as one does war. I will say, "Princess Dirani, your skin is as white as Yyrn's milk, and your eyes are as blue and sparkling as the Crystals of the Mines of Terterra..."

TOCRODI:

From what I have noticed of the peoples of Hurn, I should have said that their skin is blue, and their eyes are white.

PTERATRARK:

You're right! You have a keen eye, Tocrodi. It is good to have a medical man to give advice. — (STOPPING AS THEY ARRIVE IN ANTECHAMBER) Here we are.

FLUNKEY:

Halt!

PTERATRARK:

I have an appointment.

FLUNKEY:

None may possess weapons in the presence of the Princess. Do you possess a weapon?

PTERATRARK:

Only my passion.

FX: BLEEP OF DETECTOR.

FLUNKEY:

And a gun, according to this here weapon detector...?

PTERATRARK:

(HANDING GUN OVER) And a gun. Passion AND a gun.

FX: HUGE AUTOMATED DOORS SWING OPEN.

DIRANI:

(OFF) Enter...

PTERATRARK:

Wish me luck, Tocrodi...

FX: WALKS THROUGH INTO:

18: INT. THRONE ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: AS BARON WALKS UP:

DIRANI:

Baron Pteratrark, it is good to see you.

PTERATRARK:

(ARRIVING AT THRONE) And you, my Princess.

(AWKWARD SILENCE)

DIRANI:

In your own time, Baron.

PTERATRARK:

Oh yes! Sorry. Erm... I have noticed that... Your – eyes are as white as Yyrn's milk, and your skin is a blue and sparkling as the Crystals of the Mines of Terterra.

DIRANI:

Oh Baron, you say the loveliest things.

PTERATRARK:

Furthermore, allow me to wave my plumage in your direction.

DIRANI:

Oh, that is lovely.

FX: PHEN-TU SCUTTLES UP.

PHEN-TU:

(SNIFFS HIM)

DIRANI:

It looks very warm.

PTERATRARK:

(DISTRACTED) Oh yes. Maybe you can use my plumage to keep you warm in bed, if you are catching my drifting.

PHEN-TU:

I'm getting arrogance. A lot of arrogance.

PTERATRARK:

Who is this pixie who is smelling me?

PHEN-TU:

I'm tasting misogyny, with a soupçon of condescension.

DIRANI:

This is Phen-tu, my empathy sprite. He's here to make sure I make the right selection.

PTERATRARK:

I will not put up with this sniffing of my personage!

PHEN-TU:

Now, I'm sensing irritation, I'm getting aggression—
(GRABBED BY THROAT, STRANGULATED) I'm definitely getting aggression.

DIRANI:

Baron, I will thank you to remove your fingers from my empath's neck.

PHEN-TU:

(RELEASED, SPLUTTERING)

PTERATRARK:

There you go — on your way, little fellow. I think I have dislodged that thing you had in your throat there.

DIRANI:

If... you'll excuse me, Baron, I am going to revolve my throne, so I can consult with my empath?

FX: WHIRR AS THRONE REVOLVES.

PTERATRARK:

(UNDER BREATH) Here we go...

DIRANI:

(SHORT, INCOMPREHENSIBLE WHISPER, OFF)

PHEN-TU:

(LONGER, INCOMPREHENSIBLE WHISPER, OFF)

DIRANI:

(SHORT, INCOMPREHENSIBLE WHISPER, OFF)

FX: WHIRR.

DIRANI:

I'm afraid, Baron, that Phen-Tu is not impressed with your aura.

PTERATRARK:

What?

DIRANI:

He senses – and I think I agree – that you're a bit of a chauvinist.

PTERATRARK:

No silly little girl tells the Baron he is chauvinist! – I will now stalk angrily from this place with my cloak flapping behind me!

FX: STOMPS OFF. CROSS TO:

19: INT. ANTECHAMBER

FX: AUTOMATED DOORS SHUT BEHIND PTERATRARK.

TOCRODI:

Did it go well, Baron?

PTERATRARK:

She called me a chauvinist! Me! Chauvinist! Hah!

FLITAMUS:

(ARRIVING) Oh dear, Pteratrark, did it not go well? And I prayed so hard for you.

PTERATRARK:

On the contrary, it went extremely well, Flitamus. I'd wish you luck, but you have your Gods working overtime for you, I'm sure.

FX: AUTOMATED DOORS OPEN.

FLUNKEY:

Reverend Flitamus, the Princess is ready for you now.

FLITAMUS:

(GOING INSIDE) Thank you, my son.

FX: AUTOMATED DOORS CLOSE. WOLSEY AND 2 x GUARDS WALK UP FROM OUTSIDE CORRIDOR THROUGH:

PTERATRARK:

I tell you, Tocrodi, when I am King, the Reverend will be first up against the wall.

WOLSEY:

(ARRIVING) Excuse me, Baron... Can I have a word?

WOLSEY:

Oh hello, Constable, what brings you and these two proud guardians of justice and liberty here?

GUARD #1:

(SOTTO) He's talking about us, Guard Two.

GUARD #2:

(SOTTO) I know!

WOLSEY:

I would like to ask you and your colleague about yesterday.

PTERATRARK:

That? Flitamus and Drast started it -

WOLSEY:

I'm not interested in the fight. I want to know if you noticed anything that happened on Queen's Peri's table?

PTERATRARK:

No, I did not.

WOLSEY:

Near her drink, specifically?

PTERATRARK:

No. Did you, Tocrodi?

TOCRODI:

I can't say I did.

PTERATRARK:

Ask Flitamus when he comes out. He has lots of gods watching over him. Perhaps they saw something.

20: INT. THRONE ROOM

DIRANI:

Reverend Flitamus, there have been rumours that should you achieve a union with me, you would convert my people to your religions on pain of death, and use them as troops in your next crusade.

FLITAMUS:

Indeed, your Highness.

(PAUSE)

DIRANI:

And your reaction to those rumours, Reverend Flitamus?

FLITAMUS:

Beg pardon?

DIRANI:

Do I have your assurance that there's no danger of you doing that?

FLITAMUS:

Oh, that's a bad thing?

DIRANI:

I would say so. Wouldn't you?

FLITAMUS:

Ah. Then let me put your fears to rest. I would not dream of doing either of those things.

PHEN-TU:

(SNIFFING) I'm getting obfuscation, I'm sensing deceit...

FLITAMUS:

What?

DIRANI:

My empath seems to think you are not telling me the truth, Reverend.

FLITAMUS:

How dare he...! The religion I adopted this morning strictly forbids the telling of untruths. I could no more lie to you than I could eat undressed Varnek on a Froodsday.

DIRANI:

Then I will take your word.

FLITAMUS:

Thank you, your Highness.

PHEN-TU:

(SNIFFING)

FLITAMUS:

Your demon is still sniffing at me.

PHEN-TU:

Very interesting. I'm getting a very potent aroma of contempt. Deep contempt for unbelievers.

FLITAMUS:

Your Highness...

PHEN-TU:

He sees non-believers as less than nothing, and... (SNIFF) since he sees them as less than nothing, he thinks it quite legitimate within the framework of his beliefs to lie through his teeth.

21: INT. ANTECHAMBER

FX: AUTOMATED DOOR OPENS. FLITAMUS HURRIES OUT.

FLITAMUS:

(TO SELF) That woman is a witch! (CALLING) Drast! Where are you?

DRAST:

(BEHIND) Behind you, Reverend.

FLITAMUS:

(STARTING) What? – Why are you skulking in my shadow?

DRAST:

Er...

FX: WOLSEY & 2 x GUARDS WALKING UP FROM CORRIDOR OFF THROUGH:

FLITAMUS:

Never mind. The Princess used a demonic creature to look into my soul! I will put her and this planet to the flame!

WOLSEY:

(ARRIVING) Good day to you, Reverend.

FLITAMUS:

Good, Constable? What is good about today? Do you know that today is the nineteenth eve of the darkling moon, a day of utmost ominousness when the dead shall rise and kick over the dustbins of the living?

WOLSEY:

I can't say I did.

FLITAMUS:

That's the tiresome thing about being a defender of all faiths. Every day in the calendar is horrible for one reason or another.

WOLSEY:

I should like to ask you about yesterday evening.

FLITAMUS:

That? The Baron started it, and Tocrodi, of course –

WOLSEY:

As I said to the Baron, I'm really not interested in the fight. Did you notice anything odd happening near Queen Peri?

FLITAMUS:

No... You, Drast?

DRAST:

No.

FLITAMUS:

Like someone putting something in her drink?

FLITAMUS/DRAST:

No.

FLITAMUS:

... Now, if you'll excuse me, I wish to pray to today's God to influence the Princess's wits in my favour. (LEAVING) Come, Drast.

FX: AS FLITAMUS & DRAST EXIT:

WOLSEY:

(MUSING) Well, that's it. That's everyone who was in the hall yesterday evening questioned. Looks like no-one saw the Doctor spike Queen Peri's drink.

GUARD #1:

Except us.

(BEAT)

WOLSEY:

What?

GUARD #2:

We weren't gonna say anything... On account of, the Doctor's a mate and all.

GUARD #1:

We did guard him for a long time. You do tend to get close. You see it a lot in our line of work.

GUARD #2:

It's like Stockholm syndrome, but in reverse. You get to feel like the prisoner is looking after you.

WOLSEY:

So you're saying...

GUARD #1:

Well, we did. See him, we mean. During the fight.

GUARD #2:

Plain as day. A little white pill.

GUARD #1:

Yeah, a white pill.

FX: LINKING MUSIC.

22: INT. PERI'S QUARTERS

PERI:

They both saw the Doctor?

WOLSEY:

No doubt about it. They had no reason to lie.

PERI:

My God... And you've talked to the Doctor?

WOLSEY:

I have.

PERI:

Well, what did he say?

WOLSEY:

Not a lot.

FX: REVERSE ECHO INTO:

23: INT. CELL [FLASHBACK]

FX: DOOR OPENS.

WOLSEY:

(STRIDING IN) Alright, you.

DOCTOR & HARCROSS:

Who, me?

WOLSEY:

(FX: WALKING TO HARCROSS) Him! – Out you go, weirdo.

FX: JINGLE OF KEYS. AS WOLSEY UNLOCKS HARCROSS'S CHAINS:

HARCROSS:

My time's up, then?

WOLSEY:

I don't want to see you back in this castle until the ceremony's over.

HARCROSS:

(AS HE LEAVES) Don't forget, Doctor, if you see Queen Peri, put in a good word for me...

DOCTOR:

I don't think my word holds much sway at the moment...

FX: DOOR CLANGS SHUT BEHIND HARCROSS.

DOCTOR:

... does it, Constable?

WOLSEY:

I have witnesses who say that you poisoned Queen Peri's drink. (BEAT) Can you explain that?

DOCTOR:

I can't.

WOLSEY:

Simple question, Doctor. Did you put something in Queen Peri's drink?

DOCTOR:

I... refuse to answer that...

WOLSEY:

On the grounds that it might incriminate you.

DOCTOR:

On the grounds that I can't say anything. Not yet.

WOLSEY:

Oh, come on...

DOCTOR:

I just can't, Constable. If I say the wrong thing now, the results could be catastrophic.

WOLSEY:

You're mad. Utterly mad.

DOCTOR:

Humour the madman, then. – I just can't tell you anything that's going to happen in the next few hours, because for me, it's already happened. All I can tell you is, there's going to be another murder. And then you will come and see me here. And then, and only then, will I be able to help you.

WOLSEY:

You must be joking. I will never come here again. Goodbye, Doctor. When I see you next, it'll be when your head's on the chopping block.

FX: REVERSE ECHO OUT INTO:

24: INT. PERI'S QUARTERS

WOLSEY:

... That was it. I'm sorry, your Majesty. I hate to say this, but this is how Yrcanos described the Doctor to me. Insane, traitorous. Kept swapping sides...

PERI:

It's not who the Doctor is. Maybe it's a test. I have to talk to him.

WOLSEY:

Absolutely not.

PERI:

You can't stop me. [I'm your Queen.]

WOLSEY:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes. You're my Queen, and I'm your head of security. That man down in the dungeon is the only suspect in your murder. It's for your own safety.

PERI:

Even though I've got a day left to [live.]

FLUNKEY:

(ON TANNOY) Attention. The choice has been made. Suitors will report to the throne room. The successful applicants will remain, the others will be sent home.

PERI:

(GETTING UP) I must go to the throne room.

WOLSEY:

Ma'am! You're in no condition [to go].

PERI:

Have some respect for my wishes, Wolsey! I am your – (BREAKS OFF, CALM) Trimorphol doesn't have any serious effect until the moment of death. That's the point of Trimorphol. That's why they call it "secret assassin", isn't it?

WOLSEY:

I believe so, Ma'am.

PERI:

So don't worry. I'm perfectly capable of going up a few flights of stairs.

FX: SHE EXITS. FADE.

25: INT. ANTECHAMBER

FX: HUSHED CHATTER OF ASSEMBLED DELEGATES. CHIME.

FLUNKEY:

(ON TANNOY) Attention, delegates! Princess Dirani has made her choice. Please assemble outside the throne room immediately.

FX: AS PERI WALKS UP:

FLITAMUS:

Ah! – Greetings to you, Queen Peri. So glad you could join us. I heard you were ill. Nothing serious, I hope?

PERI:

Just an upset stomach.

FLITAMUS:

I sympathise. The cuisine here is very impure.

PTERATRARK:

What do we do now?

WOLSEY:

We wait.

PTERATRARK:

We have been waiting fifteen minutes already! No-one keeps Baron Pteratrark waiting. Tell them, Tocrodi.

TOCRODI:

No-one keeps the Baron waiting.

WOLSEY:

The doors can be opened by the Princess, and the Princess alone.

FLUNKEY:

(REPEATED MESSAGE, ON TANNOY) Attention, delegates! Princess Dirani has made her choice. Please assemble outside the throne room immediately.

SPONGE:

I wish someone would turn that annoying voice off. It is most grating to my sensors.

PTERATRARK:

I've had enough of this.

FX: BANGS ON DOORS.

PTERATRARK:

Open up there, will you!

PERI:

Baron! Show some respect!

PTERATRARK:

One moment. These doors, they are not sealed!

FX: PUSHES DOORS OPEN. ALL WALK THROUGH INTO:

26: INT. THRONE ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THEY ENTER.

FLITAMUS:

It's empty. The room is empty.

PTERATRARK:

What's going on? Is this some kind of joke? I dislike jokes, don't I, Tocrodi?

TOCRODI:

The Baron dislikes jokes.

FLITAMUS:

They are gone. Spirited away. Surely this is some kind of miracle.

PTERATRARK:

Always with the miracles! Can't you ever...

FX: WHIRR OF REVOLVING THRONE.

PTERATRARK:

What is that noise?

FLITAMUS:

The throne. It's revolving. — (STEPPING UP TO THRONE) Who's that? There's someone on the throne.

WOLSEY:

(STORMING FORWARD) Get back, everybody. Let me deal with this.

PTERATRARK:

Is it the Princess?

WOLSEY:

No, it's not the Princess. It's Phen-Tu. The empath.

PHEN-TU:

(WEAKLY) Constable...

FLITAMUS:

He's been stabbed.

PHEN-TU:

I'm sensing... sensing... (GURGLES; DIES)

WOLSEY:

He's dead.

PTERATRARK:

Constable? Did he say Constable?

WOLSEY:

Of course he did. He was talking to me.

FLITAMUS:

I only find it interesting... because that is your knife, is it not, embedded in his belly?

WOLSEY:

Don't be ridicul[ous] - (BREAKS OFF) But -

PTERATRARK:

It is your knife, Constable!

WOLSEY:

Yes, I'm afraid it is.

FADE.

27: INT. CELL

FX: DOOR UNLOCKED. CREAKS OPEN.

GUARD #1:

(AT DOOR) In you go, Constable, sir.

GUARD #2:

(AT DOOR) Very sorry.

WOLSEY:

Bah!

FX: THEY THRUST WOLSEY IN. DOOR CLANGS SHUT.

WOLSEY:

You, Doctor! – You knew this was going to happen!

DOCTOR:

Would it annoy you if I said 'correct'?

WOLSEY:

Yes. (LONG PAUSE) Tell me, then, O oracle of the future. What happens now?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid we've just reached the limits of my inside knowledge.

WOLSEY:

Very convenient.

DOCTOR:

So we'll just have to use our intelligence instead, won't we?

WOLSEY:

If you say so.

DOCTOR:

Let's recap what we know. Yrcanos was murdered with Trimorphol. As Queen Peri has been. Will be. You have been framed for murder, Princess Dirani is missing and Phen-Tu the empath has been killed.

WOLSEY:

It's all insane. There is nothing to link any of those events.

DOCTOR:

Oh there is, we just haven't found it yet. But I'm sure you and I together will discover the connection very soon.

WOLSEY:

I thought you'd reached the limits of your inside information?

DOCTOR:

The limits of my inside information, yes. The limits of my intelligence. Never.

FX: CLANG.

GUARD #1:

(BEHIND DOOR) Constable Wolsey, sir, if could just you step away from the door...

FX: WOLSEY SHIFTS. DOOR OPENS.

GUARD #2:

(WALKING IN, CARRYING BOWLS) We're off out, so you're getting your dinners early. –

FX: BOWLS ON TABLE.

GUARD #2:

Gruel, your favourite. Mind it doesn't get warm.

DOCTOR:

Where are you going?

GUARD #1:

We're searching the village for the kidnappers.

WOLSEY:

What? You know who they are?

GUARD #2:

Obvious, isn't it? Tocrodi and Drast have disappeared.

GUARD #1:

Both of them. Packed and left without a word. Stands to reason that they've taken the Princess, dunnit?

GUARD #2:

Queen Peri has volunteered our services to the search, so I'm out on the town with the flaming torch and the pitchfork tonight.

GUARD #1:

Why do you always have the flaming torch? You always have the flaming torch, and I always have to carry the pitchfork.

GUARD #2:

I went on the safety course. That's why. – (EXITING) Don't wait up.

FX: DOOR CLANGS SHUT. JINGLE OF KEYS BEING HUNG, THEN GUARDS WALK OFF DOWN CORRIDOR THROUGH:

WOLSEY:

Tocrodi... and Drast? Now I come to think of it, it makes some kind of sense. They were the ones that started the fight in the main hall.

DOCTOR:

Don't jump to conclusions.

WOLSEY:

Are you going to carry on talking like this for ever?

DOCTOR:

Not forever. I'm just waiting for the final pieces of the puzzle to fall into place.

WOLSEY:

So, we're just going to wait here for...

PERI:

(THROUGH DOOR) Pssst! It's me!

DOCTOR:

Peri!

PERI:

(THROUGH DOOR) Yes, it's me. I generously sent the guards to help with the search in the village.

DOCTOR:

Well done. The keys should be hanging on the opposite wall.

PERI:

(OFF) Got them. (COMES BACK, LOOKING THROUGH BUNCH OF KEYS) All these keys look the same to me... ah-ha!

FX: KEYS IN DOOR. SWINGS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

How do you feel?

PERI:

(STEPPING IN) Fine. Not bad for a dead woman walking.

DOCTOR:

I will get to the bottom of this. And you will outlive this day, I promise. I will not see you die again.

PERI:

Thank you.

WOLSEY:

Pretty words, Doctor.

PERI:

Leave him alone, Wolsey. The Doctor knows what he's doing.

(BEAT) You do know what you're doing, don't you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I know what I'm doing. I just don't know what everyone else is doing. But I'm sure all will come clear when we find the Princess.

WOLSEY:

She's probably long gone.

DOCTOR:

No, I don't think so.

PERI:

But where can she be?

DOCTOR:

Let's head to the scene of the crime.

FX: ALL EXIT. FADE.

28: INT. THRONE ROOM

FX: FROM OUTSIDE: DOCTOR, WOLSEY, PERI WALK UP TO DOORS.

DOCTOR:

(AT DOOR; TO PERI) After you, your Majesty.

FX: DOORS. PERI, DOCTOR, WOLSEY WALKING THROUGH:

PERI:

The murderer killed the empath, disappeared with the Princess, and shorted the door mechanism so we could enter. That's the theory anyway.

FX: ALL STOP AT THRONE.

WOLSEY:

This is where I found the empath.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I know. Poor little chap.

WOLSEY:

You knew this was going to happen?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid I did.

WOLSEY:

But you didn't save him.

DOCTOR:

I couldn't. As far as I'm concerned this had already happened.

WOLSEY:

That makes a lot of sense.

DOCTOR:

Yes it does, actually! Stop butting heads with me, Wolsey.

WOLSEY:

This is pointless. There's nothing here.

DOCTOR:

No obvious entry point for a murderer, certainly.

PERI:

No. Everything's solid.

DOCTOR:

(NOTE: HE KNOWS SOMETHING) Do you have a theory as to how the murderer got in, Peri?

PERI:

No, I can't think of... (CONVENIENT REALISATION) Doctor! The throne! I just realised. It revolves.

DOCTOR:

Really? Does it?

PERI:

Yes! I just wondered if it moves in one direction...

DOCTOR:

It might just move in another. Good thinking, Peri. Where are the controls?

PERI:

I think they're set in the arm of the chair. I'm going to try one.

FX: BUTTONS ON CHAIR. SCRAPE OF STONE.

PERI:

Well, look at that. I think I just found myself a secret entrance!

WOLSEY:

Steps leading down. But where to...?

DOCTOR:

Let's find out, shall we?

FX: DOCTOR, PERI, WOLSEY HEAD DOWN STEPS. CONTINUES INTO:

29: INT. STONE STAIRWAY [CONTINUOUS]

WOLSEY:

(GRUMBLING) No-one told me about any secret passages. You'd think they'd have told the head of royal security about the secret passages.

DOCTOR:

Any ancient castle worthy of the name has its share of secret passages, it comes with the territory. — (ALL STOP AT FOOT OF STAIRS) Peri, tell him.

PERI:

It must be an old aqueduct, built to channel the river when it flooded.

DOCTOR:

Must it?

WOLSEY:

What river?

PERI:

I mean, there must have been a river. (CHANGING SUBJECT; AS IF SUDDENLY NOTICING) Doctor! Look! There's a light up ahead!

WOLSEY:

What, daylight?

DOCTOR:

No, I don't think so. (RUSHES OFF) Come on.

FX: ALL RUN. CROSS TO:

31: INT. LABORATORY

FX: ALL RUN UP AND STOP. ECHOING SPACE.

WOLSEY:

This looks like some kind of laboratory.

DOCTOR:

That's because this is some kind of laboratory.

FX: ALL WALK IN. INVESTIGATING.

WOLSEY:

This is crazy. What's all this doing under the Palace of Hurn?

DOCTOR:

Someone has spent a long time working on this. Do you know, all wicked-looking probes sprouting from the ceiling seem strangely familiar. — Deactivated right now, obviously, but nonetheless..

PERI:

We saw something like this once. You and me, Doctor.

WOLSEY:

Do you mind letting me in on the secret?

DOCTOR:

It looks very like the laboratory in which young Crozier undertook his mind-swapping experiments, back on Thoros Beta.

PERI:

The place that Yrcanos rescued me from.

DOCTOR:

Identical, I'd say.

WOLSEY:

But this can't be a coincidence!

DOCTOR:

No, it can't be. — Now, what could be hidden under this tarpaulin, I wonder...?

FX: WHIPS OFF TARPAULIN.

DOCTOR:

Abracadabra! One missing Princess!

PERI:

Dirani! — Is she alright?

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING) Hmm... She's been sedated, but she'll be fine.

WOLSEY:

This is bonkers. What kind of game are Tocrodi and Drast playing at?

DOCTOR:

Tocrodi and Drast don't have anything to do with this.

PERI:

Isn't it time you did some straight talking, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I rather think it is. – Let me start by explaining about Tocrodi and Drast. They didn't vanish because they had committed a kidnapping. They vanished because they'd never existed in the first place.

WOLSEY:

I don't follow.

DOCTOR:

Constable, I don't think it would surprise you if I said I didn't spend five years mouldering in your dungeon. – I was investigating Yrcanos's murder, worming my way into the chief suspects' lives!

WOLSEY:

I still don't know what you're saying.

DOCTOR:

Does this give you a clue? (ASSUMES TOCRODI'S VOICE: USE SYNTH)
The Baron does not like jokes. (BACK TO HIS OWN VOICE) How was that?

WOLSEY:

You're Tocrodi?

DOCTOR:

Indeed, it was me behind that mask. Easy when you know how, and when you have a time machine and a lot of patience. I served four years in the Baron's regiment tending the wounded, drinking foul liqueurs and slapping my thigh heartily at military anecdotes. Just so I could find out as much as I could about him.

WOLSEY:

And what did you find out about him?

DOCTOR:

I found out that I could have easily learned everything about him in twenty minutes. But my four years as his friend brought me to the great hall of Hurn. Where I saw myself in the future.

WOLSEY:

Sorry?

PERI:

He means he saw himself in the future, sitting with me.

DOCTOR:

Exactly. But not just that future version of me. I also saw another future version of me investigating Flitamus, under the cowl of his acolyte, Drast.

WOLSEY:

You were Drast too?! – Just how long did all this take you?

DOCTOR:

Four years as Tocrodi, four years as Drast, a few years in my cell... Only about a decade. Just a lazy Sunday afternoon to a Time Lord. – Anyway, I saw 'Drast' provoking an argument between the Baron and the Reverend, and I wondered what I was playing at. Then I realised my future self was trying to create a distraction.

WOLSEY:

To do what?

DOCTOR:

How should I know? That was me in the future!

WOLSEY:

Stupid of me.

DOCTOR:

Anyway, I obliged my future self and helped to engineer the fight. It was only after all the events unfolded, that I realised what he – or I – was doing. Someone was going to poison Peri's drink and he – or I – was creating a disturbance so he – or I – could move around the hall, affording a better view of the person doing it.

WOLSEY:

Who?

DOCTOR:

I had to wait four years to find out. After Dirani's disappearance and the empath's murder I left as Tocrodi, went back several years to befriend the Reverend Flitamus, until I finally ended up at the same point in time. Finally, looking through Drast's eyes, finally I saw who it was.

PERI:

Who?

DOCTOR:

The same person who killed Yrcanos.

PERI/WOLSEY:

Who?

PERI:

Come on, Doctor! Tell us!

DOCTOR:

It was you, Peri.

(LONG PAUSE)

PERI:

Me?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I'm very sorry to say that it was you, Peri. You poisoned your own drink.

PERI:

(LAUGHS)

WOLSEY:

Madness. Why would Queen Peri poison herself?

DOCTOR:

Because she's not Queen Peri. — Don't you see, Constable? Crozier succeeded!

WOLSEY:

You're mad. Utterly mad.

DOCTOR:

Yrcanos didn't save Peri at all. He was too late. He thought he'd rescued her, but the thing he brought back from Thoros Beta wasn't Peri... (TO PERI) — was it?

PERI:

You're right, Doctor. Crozier's mind-swapping experiment was a glorious success. (D; KIV VOICE) And I am the living proof...!
(BOOMING LAUGH)

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE — FROM 'ANTIDOTE TO OBLIVION', SCENE 70:

DOCTOR:

I can't believe the Time Lords would have executed young Crozier. But only Sil knows the truth — don't you, Sil?

SIL:

It pains me to remember. When the time storm abated, the great Lord Kiv, whose magnificent mind was supposed to have been placed within the repulsive body of the Doctor's young companion, was no more. Lord Kiv was dead. Dead!

REVERSE ECHO OUT OF FLASHBACK INTO:

32: INT. LABORATORY [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

I must say, how thoroughly unpleasant it is to see you again, "my Lord".

PERI:

(D) When did you guess?

DOCTOR:

I must admit, I've been testing you for a while now. Peri and I never met the Monoids, and I made the Hydrads up.

PERI:

(D) Ah.

DOCTOR:

But I think I've always suspected. Peri was one of my most steadfast companions. Whatever happened during our adventures together, whatever danger we experienced, she always stayed loyal. That's why I never understood. Why did she leave with Yrcanos? Why agree to become his Queen after knowing him for all of a few days? It didn't make any sense.

PERI:

(D) Yrcanos was too late to save your friend. He thought he had rescued her.

DOCTOR:

And once you became his Queen, you killed Yrcanos the first chance you got.

PERI:

(D) I awoke on Crozier's table, and found Yrcanos staring down at me, pledging his protection. The poor blustering fool, thinking himself the gallant hero. He deserved to die.

DOCTOR:

Poor Yrcanos. Poor Peri.

WOLSEY:

Let me get this straight. You're saying she – he – it – murdered Yrcanos?

DOCTOR & PERI (D):

Yes.

WOLSEY:

In that case –

FX: ELECTRONIC WEAPON CHARGING UP.

WOLSEY:

Stand aside, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Wolsey, put the gun down! Don't be an idiot!

WOLSEY:

Stand aside!

DOCTOR:

I can't do that, Constable.

WOLSEY:

It's just standing there. We can just kill it...

DOCTOR:

Yes, it is just standing there, isn't it? Doesn't that tell you something?

WOLSEY:

What?

DOCTOR:

I think it's probably got a very good reason why we shouldn't kill it. (TO PERI) You have got a very good reason, haven't you?

PERI:

(D; LAUGHS)

WOLSEY:

This is just a waste of time. Get out of the way.

DOCTOR:

Look, let me put it like this, Constable. Can you see what I have in my fist?

WOLSEY:

Nothing.

DOCTOR:

Exactly. (PUNCHES WOLSEY)

FX: PUNCH. THUD AS WOLSEY GOES DOWN. HARD CUT.

33: INT. LABORATORY (FEW SECONDS LATER)

FX: QUICK FADE UP. JINGLE OF HANDCUFFS BEING PUT ON WOLSEY.

WOLSEY:

(COMING ROUND) Whuh – what-?

DOCTOR:

Hold still just a moment longer, Constable... (FX: CLICK OF HANDCUFFS SECURED) There.

WOLSEY:

(REALISATION) You've cuffed me! With my own handcuffs! Why, I ought to—

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Wolsey. Just making sure we can all have a sensible conversation without you waving your gun about.

WOLSEY:

You fool!

PERI:

(D) May we continue?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely, "my Lord". – You were telling us about how you killed Yrcanos?

PERI:

(D) He was a means to an end. To forge an all-conquering empire.

DOCTOR:

There you go, Wolsey, your theory was right. Someone was waiting for the crown to pass to Peri so she could remarry.

PERI:

(D) Once Yrcanos had been despatched, I looked for a new King. One I could more easily manipulate.

WOLSEY:

Okay. So why didn't you find one?

DOCTOR:

What?

WOLSEY:

Simple question, Doctor. It had the pick of the rulers. Pteratrark, Flitamus... why didn't it marry them?

PERI:

(D) You think I rejected them? The truth was, they rejected me.

WOLSEY:

I don't understand...

PERI:

(D) Before a union is arranged between the royal families of the Coalition, medical tests are conducted on the women, to see if the female can continue the royal line. The medical tests discovered that this body was damaged.

DOCTOR:

How so?

PERI:

(D) It had contracted Spectrox Toxemia at some point, and as a result was rendered unable to produce offspring.

WOLSEY:

... Spectrox Toxemia?

PERI:

(D) A usually fatal poison contracted from the nest of a...

DOCTOR:

I know what Spectrox Toxemia is.

PERI:

(D) They refused to enter into a union with me. The medical tests were confidential, but they were worried it might one day be made public. They were fearful that if they knowingly married a Queen who could not provide heirs...

DOCTOR:

Quite. Rulers have been deposed for less.

PERI:

(D) So we let the universe believe that I had rejected them, the widowed, aloof virgin Queen. So I waited for the perfect subject to come of age. Princess Dirani. And now I have you, Doctor.

WOLSEY:

What's it saying? What does it want you to do?

DOCTOR:

Oh dear... It's all falling into place.

PERI:

(D) I have need of your skills, Doctor. Crozier is dead... and you are the only one with the abilities to put me in a new, fresh body.

WOLSEY:

What?

PERI:

(D) The Princess Dirani is a perfect subject for transference. She is young. Fertile. About to inherit a planet in a key part of space.

DOCTOR:

Now it all makes sense. Hence this laboratory. Made to measure. All it requires is a genius to perform the transference...!

WOLSEY:

What genius?

DOCTOR:

Me, Wolsey, me! – That's what all this is about. She wants her doctor to perform a miracle and give her a younger healthier body. Can't you see it, Wolsey? Everything is in place. The stage is set. The Princess Dirani has been kidnapped! Shock horror! But then hey presto, she returns. Everyone is relieved, there is much celebration, and the process of choosing a husband is resumed, and she picks her King. Who will it be... Pteratrark? Or Flitamus?

PERI:

(D) Both of them.

DOCTOR:

Of course! One waging war through honour, one waging war through religion. It's the perfect match. I'm sure all three of you will be very happy together.

PERI:

(D) The Baron and the Reverend have no wish to marry a cringing pacifist like Dirani. I offer them power, a dynasty, an empire across the stars.

WOLSEY:

This is ridiculous. Doctor, just kill it. Pick up my gun and shoot it. It can't make us do anything. It's not even got a gun.

DOCTOR:

It doesn't need a gun.

WOLSEY:

You're not seriously thinking of putting that thing's mind in the Princess, are you?

(BEAT)

WOLSEY:

(WITH ADDED EMPHASIS) ... Are you?

PERI:

(D; LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) I think I have a very good idea what it's going to say next.

PERI:

(D) Deep within me is your friend Peri. I can feel her still alive, squirming inside me, like a child waiting to be born. If you transfer my mind into the Princess Dirani, you can have what's left. I will give you the antidote to the Trimorphol. You can save your friend. AFTER I get my new body.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS WEARILY) Yes, I thought you'd say something like that.

PERI:

(D) You have a choice, Doctor. The life of the Princess, for the life of your friend.

34: INT. HURN HOTEL ROOM

FX: HEAVY KNOCKING ON DOOR.

GUARD #1:
(OUTSIDE) Open up!

GUARD #2:
(OUTSIDE) Open up, in the name of the Princess!

HARCROSS:
Wait a second! I'm not decent!

FX: OPENS DOOR.

HARCROSS:
What is the meaning of knocking me up in the middle of the day?

GUARD #1:
Sorry sir, but we're conducting a house-to-house search.

HARCROSS:
But this is an hotel.

GUARD #1:
Same difference. – Look, can we come in?

HARCROSS:
I suppose.

GUARD #2:
Do you mind if I put my flaming torch in your hatstand? My arm's killing me.

GUARD #1:
I could have carried it.

GUARD #2:
Get your certificate from health and safety, and then we'll talk about it.

GUARD #1:
(UNDER HIS BREATH) "Get your certificate from health and safety and then we'll talk..."

GUARD #2:
You don't mind if we have a quick look around?

HARCROSS:
Erm... If you like.

FX: SOUNDS OF SEARCHING.

HARCROSS:

What are you searching for?

GUARD #2:

A couple of kidnappers, sir. They've made off with Princess Dirani and we're scouring the village.

HARCROSS:

Good god! The Princess Dirani - kidnapped? How shocking!

GUARD #1:

(OFF MIC) I know. We live in troubled times.

HARCROSS:

Is Queen Peri alright?

GUARD #2:

Well she's not been kidnapped, so she's one up on the Princess, at least.

HARCROSS:

Oh, thank heavens. If anything were to happen to her...

GUARD #2:

Bit of a Queen Peri fan, aren't you?

HARCROSS:

Is it obvious?

GUARD #2:

Yeah, a bit. We're trained to see these little clues. For example I notice her picture is on your dresser, and your curtains, and your wallpaper. Is the landlord okay about you redecorating your hotel room?

HARCROSS:

He's been well paid for his trouble. I like to be surrounded by her loveliness. Why? It's not a crime, is it? If you're going to be sneery about my innocent worship of a wonderful woman, then I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

GUARD #2:

Don't worry, we're going. - No kidnappers here?

GUARD #1:

(RETURNING FROM OFF) Not even a small one.

GUARD #2:

Right, on to the next one. - (AS GUARDS HEAD BACK TO DOOR)
Thank you for your time, sir.

HARCROSS:

You're welcome. – So you're absolutely sure Queen Peri is okay?

GUARD #2:

Oh yeah, she's fine. Absolutely fine.

GUARD #1:

I thought she was dying.

GUARD #2:

Shh!

GUARD #1:

Hasn't she got a couple of hours left to live?

HARCROSS:

What?

GUARD #2:

But it's a secret, you idiot. We're not supposed to alarm anyone.

GUARD #1:

Well if you're going to be snotty, I'm not sure we're supposed to tell anyone the Princess has been kidnapped. Or the fact that, since we're all out searching the village, the Palace has been left open to attack, and the delegates are completely defenceless.

GUARD #2:

Okay, you've make your point. (TO HARCROSS) You won't tell anyone about Queen Peri's imminent death, will you sir?

HARCROSS:

My lips are sealed.

FX: GUARDS EXIT. DOOR CLOSED.

HARCROSS:

Oh my heavens! She's dying! She's dying! Harcross – screw your courage to the sticking-plate, fold up your Queen Peri pyjamas and get back to the Palace, pronto!

35: INT. LABORATORY

FX: ELECTRONIC ADJUSTMENTS.

PERI:

(D) Hurry, Doctor. This body hasn't got long.

FX: BLEEP.

DOCTOR:

There. The software, at least, is functioning. Now to give the hardware the once-over. (GRUNTS)

FX: DOCTOR WRENCHES A PANEL OFF THE MACHINERY.

WOLSEY:

Doctor, I can't believe you're even doing this. You don't even know if your Peri's alive in... that.

DOCTOR:

(BUSY WITH ELECTRONICS) I have to, Mr Wolsey. If there is just the slightest possibility that my friend still exists...

WOLSEY:

That's what it wants you to think.

DOCTOR:

Don't you think I'm aware of that? All this time I've lived with the aching regret that Yrcanos was able to save her when I couldn't. Now I have the opportunity to do just that.

FX: BLEEP. ACTIVATION OF MACHINERY — DUPLICATE FX OF CROZIER'S MACHINERY IN 'MINDWARP'.

DOCTOR:

Power engaged.

PERI:

(D) Oh, at last!

WOLSEY:

Doctor, have you considered the flaw in its plan?

DOCTOR:

Flaw?

WOLSEY:

That thing is in that body. That body is dying of poison. If we do nothing, then it just... dies too. Why is it taking such a huge risk?

DOCTOR:

That's a very good point.

FX: BLEEP. MACHINERY POWERS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

(TO PERI) What happens, "my Lord", if we just lock the door, sit here, and watch you die?

PERI:

(D) I have a back-up memory, to store my consciousness should you refuse to help me.

DOCTOR:

Which is where?

PERI:

(D; GIGGLES)

DOCTOR:

Something large enough to store an entire brain in data form? Pff. You're going to have to do better than that.

PERI:

(D) No Doctor, I don't have to do 'better than that'. I could be bluffing. Your friend Peri could be dead. I could have no memory store. What difference does it make. The point is, can you take that risk?

(LONG PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

No.

FX: BLEEP. MACHINERY POWERS UP.

WOLSEY:

Doctor!

36: INT. FLITAMUS' QUARTERS

FX: KNOCK ON DOOR.

PTERATRARK:

(OUTSIDE) Flitamus! Open up! It is I, Baron Pteratrark. Let us talk.

FX: DOOR OPENED.

FLITAMUS:

What are you doing here? We're not to be seen together until all this is over.

PTERATRARK:

Well, if anyone sees me, just tell them I came to sneer at you or something.

FX: CLOSES DOOR BEHIND.

FLITAMUS:

What do you want?

PTERATRARK:

I am uneasy, Flitamus. Things are happening which I do not understand.

FLITAMUS:

I know what you mean.

PTERATRARK:

I want to go through the plan again. With you.

FLITAMUS:

Why?

PTERATRARK:

Just humour me, Flitamus. I just want to reassure myself that we are not being set up by that Queen. That she has told us exactly the same thing.

FLITAMUS:

Well, number one: that's the poisoning.

PTERATRARK:

Queen Peri was to poison herself.

FLITAMUS:

To coerce this Doctor person to complete the brain transference.

PTERATRARK:

Yes. Number two: the kidnapping.

FLITAMUS:

Princess Dirani would disappear for a time.

PTERATRARK:

Three: the murder...

FLITAMUS:

... The empathy sprite would be killed, as it would sense something different about Princess Dirani after the process.

PTERATRARK:

Exactly. And four: the frame-up.

FLITAMUS:

The Constable would be framed for the empath's murder to discredit him, in case he worked out the truth.

FLITAMUS:

Obviously.

PTERATRARK:

So there we are agreed, we are both sitting on the same page, as they say. So... My question is...

FLITAMUS:

Where are Ticrodi and Drast?

PTERATRARK:

Exactly. Where have they disappeared to?

FLITAMUS:

Where indeed?

PTERATRARK:

Are you sure Drast did not find out about the plan?

FLITAMUS:

I told him nothing.

PTERATRARK:

Perhaps you talk in your sleep.

FLITAMUS:

How dare you!

PTERATRARK:

Okay, okay. Yes, I insult you. Force of habit. I apologise. But deal with it.

FLITAMUS:

I told Drast nothing. Maybe YOU told Ticrodi?

PTERATRARK:

I was very careful. Everything Queen Peri told me I committed to memory. Nothing was written down.

FLITAMUS:

They must be spies. Deep cover. Waiting for us to make a move.

PTERATRARK:

Logical. It's the only possible solution.

FLITAMUS:

This whole thing smells of a trap. The only question is: who were they working for?

PTERATRARK:

There is only one thing for it. We must break with protocol and contact Queen Peri. Ask her what she knows about Ticrodi and Drast.

37: INT. LABORATORY

FX: MACHINERY HUM.

DOCTOR:

Wait a minute... Where are the Ganglionic capacitors?

PERI:

(D) Below the Nodal relays.

DOCTOR:

(CHECKING) Oh yes. So they are. You've done a remarkable job here. This technology has been replicated extremely well. Most impressive.

PERI:

(D) Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

There's only a few elements that are missing. I could really use...

PERI:

(D) Your TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

PERI:

(D) Look in the next chamber.

DOCTOR:

You brought her in the ship?

PERI:

(D) Of course.

DOCTOR:

Well anticipated. You would make an excellent assistant.

FX: HURRIES OFF INTO NEXT CHAMBER.

WOLSEY:

I take my hat off to you, "my Lord". I really do. (BEAT. NO ANSWER) You're playing the Doctor like a nine-stringed Dulcifer. He's so twisted by his guilt over Peri he's willing to entertain any hope that she's alive.

PERI:

(D) I know the Time Lord of old. He is a hero who does not entertain the existence of a lost cause. Hope is his greatest strength - and also his greatest weakness. It will be his undoing.

FX: DOCTOR HURRYING BACK.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Here we are, these bits and bobs should do the trick. (FX: STOPS, CONNECTING UP EQUIPMENT) I just have to incorporate the orthogonal enhancer into the Hypermatrix, and...

FX: CLICK. BLEEP.

DOCTOR:

Splendid, now let's try a direct transfer into the...

FX: ELECTRONIC BURBLE.

DOCTOR:

Oh dear.

PERI:

(D) What is wrong?

DOCTOR:

Oh dear, oh dear.

PERI:

(D) Explain yourself!

DOCTOR:

It's not good. These dendritic cables won't support the transfer.

PERI:

(D) Of course they will.

DOCTOR:

Even a basic brain is composed of billions of gigabytes of information. They can't support the volume. Something will fuse.

PERI:

(D) They coped before.

DOCTOR:

That's just it, they didn't. Crozier didn't realise, but I added a few flourishes of my own. (FX: RUMMAGING THROUGH PILE OF STUFF) Don't worry, I've got a few spare electrodes here.

PERI:

(D) What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Attaching electrodes to my forehead.

PERI:

(D) I can see that. Why?

DOCTOR:

I'm going to have to link my living mind into the circuit to facilitate the transfer.

WOLSEY:

That sounds extremely risky.

DOCTOR:

Well, I'm too far in to back out now. — (TO PERI) If you'd just like to lie down on that couch, "my Lord", and apply the electrodes to your temples...

PERI:

(D; APPLYING ELECTRODES) Like this?

DOCTOR:

Exactly like that. Now, Mr Wolsey, if I could just ask you [to]

WOLSEY:

(FX: JINGLE OF HANDCUFFS) I'm wearing handcuffs, in case you forgot.

DOCTOR:

All I need you to do is read from that screen, and tell me when the dial gets to eighty gigarods.

WOLSEY:

All the same, I'm not raising a hoof to help that creature.

DOCTOR:

Fine. I'll make a guess. And I'll make a mistake, and three people will definitely die.

BEAT.

WOLSEY:

Alright, alright. Fine.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. — Are we sitting comfortably?

PERI:

(D) Get on with it!

FX: HUM BEGINS AGAIN.

DOCTOR:
(GASPS WITH PAIN)

WOLSEY:
Are you alright? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Not really, but I'll cope.

FX: HUM. GROWING LOUDER AND MORE OMINOUS.

NB: VOICES RAISED OVER HUM.

DOCTOR:
Stand by for direct transference. Keep an eye on the readings.

WOLSEY:
I can't do this, Doctor! This is murder!

DOCTOR:
Trust me!

WOLSEY:
Why should I?

DOCTOR:
Because she did once! Perpugilliam Brown - the woman who should have been your queen!

PERI:
(D; SUDDEN REALISATION) Doctor, the Princess Dirani is not wearing electrodes!

DOCTOR:
(UNCONVINCING) Really? - Silly old me. I'd forget my head if it wasn't screwed on.

PERI:
(D) What are playing at? Release me!

DOCTOR:
Like I said, too far in to back out now!

WOLSEY:
Eighty gigarods!

DOCTOR/PERI:
(BOTH SCREAM)

WOLSEY:
Eighty three!

DOCTOR:
Get to the lever! Pull the lever!

WOLSEY:
I'm handcuffed!

DOCTOR:
Just do it, Wols-

DOCTOR/PERI:
(BOTH SCREAM)

WOLSEY:
Eighty-five! - Six! Oh, hell! Geronimo!

FX: HUGE CRASH AS WOLSEY LAUNCHES HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM, AND CATAPULTS HIMSELF ONTO THE CONSOLE.

FX: HUM DIES. THE ONLY SOUND IS WOLSEY'S HEAVY BREATHING.

WOLSEY:
Did it work? Doctor...?

FX: DE-ACTIVATION OF LINKAGES ON BED AS 'DOCTOR' RELEASES HIMSELF.

NICOLA:
(AS DOCTOR) Well, this is an interesting experience. I haven't been this short in a long time.

WOLSEY:
Ma'am?

NICOLA:
(AS DOCTOR) Not since I played the recorder.

WOLSEY:
Ma'am?

NICOLA:
(AS DOCTOR) Not quite, Wolsey. Guess again.

WOLSEY:
Doctor?

NICOLA:
(AS DOCTOR) Well done, Constable. I see your deductive skills are as sharp as ever.

WOLSEY:

You mean – you tricked the creature?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I'm sorry. I couldn't say what I was planning, for obvious reasons.

WOLSEY:

You've not put that alien thing inside the Princess Dirani?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) As if I would. The Princess is fine. Nothing has happened to her.

WOLSEY:

So you...

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Swapped our minds, yes. My mind is here, Peri's mind is in my body.

WOLSEY:

So where is it? The thing?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Still exactly where it was before. Right here in this head. But now it's got me to reckon with, not some slip of a girl.

WOLSEY:

So... are you alright?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I'm fine. It's Peri I'm worried about. She should be coming around at the same time as me, in my body. Putting Peri's brainwaves into my mind is a bit like throwing a pebble into the ocean, but it's a risk I had to take. I'm sure she'll be safe...

38: EXT. WORLD INSIDE DOCTOR'S MIND

FX: DULL, REGULAR RUMBLE — THE DOCTOR'S MASSIVELY DISTORTED SNORE, WE'LL DISCOVER, FOR NOW IT SOUNDS LIKE A DISTANT SEISMIC DISTURBANCE. PERI WALKING THROUGH CRINKLY 'GRASS'.

PERI:

Hello...? Is there anyone here? Hello?

FX: A FLASH, AND THE DOCTOR APPEARS CLOSE BY.

DOCTOR:

Hello, Peri.

PERI:

(GOING OVER) Oh Doctor, am I glad to see you. Where are we?

DOCTOR:

Well, where do you think we are?

PERI:

How should I know? It's some kind of weird planet. Yellow grass, curling like tumbleweed. Mountains all around, with shiny golden peaks. But they all look exactly the same shape and size.

DOCTOR:

So they are.

FX: RUMBLE.

PERI:

Yes, and there's some kind of regular seismic disturbance.

DOCTOR:

Odd. Still — no reason to worry unduly.

PERI:

I guess you're right. I'm so tired. (BEAT) Doctor... I had this terrible dream.

DOCTOR:

Really?

PERI:

It just went on forever. I dreamt I was stranded on Thoros Beta, with no hope of rescue, and then Yrcanos was there, and he was pulling me to safety, and then all of a sudden I was married to him.

DOCTOR:

Really.

PERI:

I mean, just imagine! – I wanted to wait for you, but it was one of those dreams where you find yourself doing things you really wouldn't, only you're powerless to stop yourself.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes, I know those dreams.

PERI:

It gets worse. I'd only just said 'I do' when I poisoned him, like some kind of crazy Lady Macbeth, and then I threw you in a dungeon because you annoyed me, or something, and I just spent all this time being mean, and scheming, and planning and plotting and getting madder and madder.

DOCTOR:

How horrible.

PERI:

It went on and on. It was so exhausting. (YAWN) It makes me feel tired just thinking about it.

DOCTOR:

Well, if you're tired, go to sleep.

PERI:

(YAWNS) Really? Do you think I should?

FX: FLASH. A DECKCHAIR APPEARS.

DOCTOR:

Oh, look, here's a deckchair.

PERI:

Oh yeah! – It looks kind of comfy.

DOCTOR:

It is. I made it myself. Just the thing for a nice nap. Why don't you try it?

PERI:

It does look comfy.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes. Very comfy.

PERI:

Well, if it's so comfy... perhaps you should sit in it! (RUNS OFF)

DOCTOR:

Peri! – Where are you going?

PERI:

(STOPPING, CALLING BACK) You're not the Doctor!

DOCTOR:

What are you talking about? (PETULANT) I am so the Doctor.

PERI:

(CALLING BACK) The Doctor would never be so incurious about his surroundings. He'd want to know where we are. And he's never offered me a chair in his life! (RUNS AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

Come back! Peri!!!

FX: HE RUNS AFTER HER. OFF, PERI RUNS INTO A WALL.

PERI:

(OFF, CRIES OUT, WINDED) Ugh!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING UP) Oh dear. I hope you haven't hurt yourself.

PERI:

I'm fine, thanks. Just ran into— (REALISATION) Where did that wall come from, anyway? What is this place?

DOCTOR:

Why ask me?

PERI:

These aren't mountains! It's a shiny wall, all jagged on the top. – Where are we?

39: INT. LABORATORY

FX: UNCLICKING OF HANDCUFFS.

WOLSEY:

Ow. Ow ow. Pins and needles in my fetlocks...

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I can put the handcuffs back on if you'd rather?

WOLSEY:

No, no, you're alright, Doctor. – So, what happens next?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I'm sorry, Constable, I don't quite follow you.

WOLSEY:

What's the next stage of the plan?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) That was the plan.

WOLSEY:

What?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) To use an American idiom, "That's All, Folks." Peri will wake up soon in my body, and then she can begin the first day of the rest of her life, which will now span seven more incarnations and several thousand years. Meanwhile, I and this malignant creature are locked together, and we'll both die of Trimorphol poisoning in about... ooh, one hour from now?

WOLSEY:

What? But – the antidote! She – he – it, said there was an antidote!

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Oh, Mr Wolsey. I think we both know that was a lie.

FX: TINY ALARM.

WOLSEY:

(AS DOCTOR) What's that noise?

PTERATRARK:

(D) Regent! This is Phoenix and Disciple. Come in.

WOLSEY:

That's Pteratrark's voice.

PTERATRARK:

(D) Regent! This is Phoenix and Disciple. I know you said radio silence, but we want to talk to you.

WOLSEY:

Doctor... It's coming from your wrist.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) So it is. I do believe this bracelet is a cunningly disguised communicator.

FX: BLEEP.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) (INTO BRACELET) Hello?

PTERATRARK:

(D) Regent, hello, you're still you. We were hoping that you would be... changed.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) All in hand, Baron, the Doctor is proving very cooperative.

PTERATRARK:

(D) Good, good. We are glad to hear it. Now I know that we agreed not to make contact, but we are concerned about those "friends" of ours.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I see... and which "friends" are we talking about, exactly?

PTERATRARK:

(D) Toc— (STOPS SELF) The ones who have gone missing, remember?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Ah.

FLITAMUS:

(D) Give me that...

PTERATRARK:

(D) Don't snatch!

FLITAMUS:

(D) Attention, Regent. This is Disciple. We are concerned that our "friends" might be spies — agents of the galactic authorities. Do you know where they are?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Well, yes, I suppose I do.

FLITAMUS:

(D) What? Well, where are they?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Look, I'm sure there's nothing to worry about. Tocradi and Drast will be back. They've probably just... popped out for a bit.

FLITAMUS:

(D) Popped out for a bit? Are you s-[erious?] (BREAKS OFF, REALISING) Did you just use their names on an open channel?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Ah, here they are. They're right here.

FLITAMUS:

(D) What?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) You can speak to them if you like. (TRIES TOCRODI IMPRESSION) Hello Baron, Tocrodi here... (AS DOCTOR, SOTTO) Oh, that's right, I can't do the voice in this body. (INTO COMMUNICATOR) I'm sorry, Baron. Tocrodi and Drast have just left again. I'm sure they'll be back soon.

(PAUSE)

PTERATRARK:

(D) We had better talk to you in person. We are coming to the laboratory right now. Over and out.

FX: PLINK.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) (TO WOLSEY) I don't think they believed a word of that, do you?

WOLSEY:

They're coming here?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Yes. They're obviously rattled. I don't think bluffing them is going to work.

WOLSEY:

If they find out their plan's gone wrong, they'll destroy all evidence of their conspiracy. Which means us.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I think, in the circumstances, we'd better try and move Peri and the Princess into the TARDIS. (GOING TO HEFT PRINCESS) – Come on, you take the Princess, I'll take Peri.

WOLSEY:

Wait a minute... There seems to be sofa blocking the entrance to the laboratory.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) So there is! That wasn't there before.

FX: WOBBLY, SQUELCHING NOISE AS 'SOFA' BECOMES...

SPONGE:

Please do not move. I do not wish to absorb (BUZZ) kill anybody here.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) And hello to you, Prince Most-deepest-all-yellow!

WOLSEY:

Are you with the conspirators, too?

SPONGE:

Do not be alarmed. I am not hostile.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Thank heavens for that. Nice to see you, Prince Most-Deepest-All Yellow. Good to see a friendly face. Not that you've got a face, ex[-actly] – aaah! (BREAKS OFF; CRY OF PAIN)

WOLSEY:

Doctor, are you alright?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Something's wrong. I wouldn't have thought the wretched slug in my head would be putting up this much of a fight... (GASPS)

WOLSEY:

(TO SPONGE) Prince Most-Deepest-All... Oh, just help me get her - him on the bed, will you?

FX: AS PRINCE AND WOLSEY HEFT 'DOCTOR' ONTO BED:

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) (STRAINED) The creature is trying to regain control of this body. I have to retreat into my mind. Gather my strength.

WOLSEY:

What can we do to help?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Make sure I'm not moved. Do everything you can to stop... the Baron and... the Rev-

FX: VORTEX EFFECT. DISSOLVE INTO:

40: EXT. BEACH INSIDE PERI'S HEAD

FX: DESERTED LANZAROTE BEACH.

DOCTOR:

(GASPS, SUDDENLY AWARE OF HIS SURROUNDINGS) Lanzarote? Where I first met Peri. How appropriate. I wonder if this is my memory, or hers. – Now, where are you hiding, I wonder?

FX: WALKING UP BEACH.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Hello? – Hello? It's no good. I know you're hiding somewhere in this mindscape. And if you're not over the horizon then they only place you can be is... that cave!

FX: JOGGING OVER SAND.

DOCTOR:

(JOGGING; TO SELF) You're fighting against a Time Lord now. You can't control this body like you did before.

FX: STOPS AT CAVE MOUTH.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTS) Come on out of there, Lord Kiv. Come on. Show yourself!

MANDRAKE:

(VERY CLOSE) I'm here.

DOCTOR:

Out you come, then. Let's get this over with, shall we?

FX: LARGE LIZARD HAULING ITS HUGE BODY OUT OF THE CAVE.

DOCTOR:

Wait a minute. You're not...

MANDRAKE:

(BOOMING) So, we meet again, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

You're not Kiv! – I was expecting some kind of horrid slug, not a large lizard.

MANDRAKE:

I know you like surprises. That's why I didn't tell you who I really was.

DOCTOR:

Do I know you, then?

MANDRAKE:

Think back to the past. The long distant past. Back to Gallifrey.

DOCTOR:

Gallifrey?!

MANDRAKE:

I created a trail of destruction across your world. I shattered the Capitol!

DOCTOR:

No, no, it can't be!

MANDRAKE:

But it was you, a humble student from the Academy, who defeated me on the lower slopes of the Mountain of Solitude.

DOCTOR:

... Mandrake?!

MANDRAKE:

Yes, Doctor. I am Mandrake the Lizard King.

FX: WHIPLASH EFFECT.

DOCTOR:

(STRANGLED NOISE)

MANDRAKE:

And this is my tail.

DOCTOR:

(MORE STRANGLED NOISES)

MANDRAKE:

I was your first adversary. And now I will be your last!

(LAUGHS)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

41: EXT. BEACH — INSIDE PERI'S HEAD [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

(STRANGLING) Let me go, Mandrake!

MANDRAKE:

Why? Do you think you can escape me?

FX: MANDRAKE RELEASES DOCTOR. HE FALLS BACK CHOKING.

MANDRAKE:

Try, then, Doctor. Run!

FX: FOLLOW DOCTOR AS HE RUNS ACROSS SAND. MANDRAKE CRAWLING AFTER.

MANDRAKE:

(BEHIND) I've been in Peri's brain for years. I've made myself at home. That beach you're running over. I made it. I can turn the sand to ice.

FX: SAND TURNS TO ICE UNDER DOCTOR'S FEET.

DOCTOR:

(SLIPPING) Whoa-h-h!

MANDRAKE:

(BEHIND) Or into water.

FX: ICE CRACKS. SPLASHING WATER.

DOCTOR:

How can you even be here?

MANDRAKE:

(APPROACHING) You thought me defeated once and for all, in the wilds of Gallifrey. But young Crozier was my willing disciple. He took my living brain and hid it away, transferring my mind into his computer. The transfer of the Mentor Kiv's mind was nothing but a blind to his true purpose! The restoration of I, Mandrake, to the universe!

DOCTOR:

This is nonsense. Impossible gibberish!

MANDRAKE:

I have a question for you, Doctor. When I awoke in this Peri's body, I found there was no record of my conquests throughout the entire universe. You had wiped my existence from history. Why did you do that to me, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I didn't!

MANDRAKE:

Don't lie to me! – You've defeated so many monsters. Omega. The Toymaker. Sutekh. But their existence is a fact. You didn't expunge their names from the record. So why do it to me?

(LUNGES AND GRABS THE DOCTOR BY THE ANKLE)

DOCTOR:

Aah! (LIFTED UP, DANGLING IN AIR) Let go of my ankle! It's most undignified!

MANDRAKE:

Was it because I was so terrible? Was it because I was the worst?

DOCTOR:

I can't very well answer hanging upside-down.

MANDRAKE:

Such a fragile little man. With just a flick of my wrist, I could shatter your body against the rockface beyond.

DOCTOR:

Why don't you? I'm dying anyway. We both are. We're both trapped in here, inside the body of a dying woman.

MANDRAKE:

Bah! (LETS GO, AND...)

FX: ... THROWS THE DOCTOR TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. (STRUGGLES TO FEET) Of course, you could just let me regain control of this body and tell my where the antidote is... But I don't think there ever was any antidote, was there?

MANDRAKE:

You will put my mind into the body of the Princess Dirani!

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Mandrake, no can do.

MANDRAKE:

(ROARS) I can swallow your mind like a snake swallows an egg. I will find the parts of your mind concerning mind transference, and then I will devour the rest!

DOCTOR:

Then you'll have to catch me first. (RUNS, CALLING BACK) As you said, you haven't got long!

MANDRAKE:

(ROARS IN FRUSTRATION...)

FX: ... AND PURSUES THE DOCTOR.

42: INT. LABORATORY

WOLSEY:

What are doing here anyway, Prince Most-Deepest-All-Yellow?
There's nothing here for you.

SPONGE:

Not so, Constable. I am the Patron of the Royal Society for the
Protection of Alien Mind Parasites. I recognised the signs of
Mind Parasite infestation in Queen Peri. I have been waiting
years to capture her (BUZZ) it (BUZZ) her.

WOLSEY:

What, you actually want to save that thing inside Queen Peri's
head?

FX: BLASTER CHARGING UP.

SPONGE:

No, I want to neutralise it with this gun and put it on my
wall.

WOLSEY:

How is that protecting it?

SPONGE:

Do not begin to comprehend the ways of the Royal Society for
the Protection of Alien Mind Parasites, puny human (BUZZ)
sheep.

WOLSEY:

Well, you can't protect this one. Queen Peri's body is dying.
So is everything inside it.

SPONGE:

(THINKS) No matter. I can still hang the body on the palace
wall and put a plaque beneath it saying that I killed it. How
much do you want for the carcass?

WOLSEY:

I'm sorry, your Highness, but I've not got time to haggle over
a nearly-dead body.

FX: BLEEP.

WOLSEY:

Guard One! Come in! Do you read me?

GUARD #2:

(D; OFF) What did you say?

GUARD #1:

(D) I didn't say anything.

WOLSEY:

Guard One, it's me, Constable Wolsey, I'm speaking through the radio on your tunic.

GUARD #1:

(D) Oh. Hello.

WOLSEY:

Listen, I've located the Princess. But I've also uncovered a conspiracy by Baron Pteratrark and Reverend Flitamus to depose her and replace her with an alien mind parasite. You have to round up as many of the palace soldiers as you can find, and get back here as quickly as you can. Find and detain the Baron and the Reverend – or on second thoughts, just get to us first and help us, because they're coming to find us. Just go to the throne room and use the passage under the throne.

(BEAT)

GUARD #1:

(D) Hang on, I'll get a pen.

WOLSEY:

(SIGHS)

43: EXT. WORLD INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S MIND

FX: PERI BANGING SIDES OF METAL WALL.

PERI:

This wall. It's a huge circle. It just goes on and on...! – We're trapped in here, aren't we?

DOCTOR:

Sorry, were you talking to me?

PERI:

Whoever you are.

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor, I told you.

PERI:

No, you're not. I know the Doctor. You're nothing like him.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes I am. I'm the real Doctor. That Doctor you travelled with was an aberration. I'm the mad, wicked, secret Doctor – the one who once tried to kill you, and tortured you just before you died on Crozier's operating table.

PERI:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

Don't you see, Peri? You died. You died in Crozier's Lab and this is the afterlife.

PERI:

In that case, what are you doing here? Dead too, are you?

DOCTOR:

Erm... Oh.

PERI:

Gotcha!

DOCTOR:

Oh, aren't you the clever one! – Do you know what? I hate you. I hate your whining voice and your tiresome American slang. I hate your constant moaning about how "all these tunnels look the same".

PERI:

Well, they often do!

DOCTOR:

So it's dangerous sometimes? That's what you wanted, wasn't it? A bit of adventure? — Well, that's what you got, Peri Brown.

PERI:

W-what do you mean?

DOCTOR:

That dream you had was real. I left you behind on Thoros Beta to fend for yourself. I left you trapped inside your own body, at the mercy of a mind parasite for five whole years!

44: INT. LABORATORY

SPONGE:

Constable. Constable Wolsey!

WOLSEY:

What is it?

SPONGE:

Pteratrark and Flitamus are coming.

WOLSEY:

I don't hear anyone. – Are you sure?

SPONGE:

Oh yes. I have eyes and ears everywhere. I stuck them on the walls.

WOLSEY:

How near?

SPONGE:

They are at the bottom of the steps under the throne.

WOLSEY:

Fine. (SIGH) I suggest if you want to keep your 'trophy', you come with me and bring that ridiculous-looking gun of yours.

FX: THEY RUN OFF.

45: EXT. WORLD INSIDE DOCTOR'S MIND

PERI:

The dream was real...?

DOCTOR:

Every last moment.

PERI:

I'm tired. I can't think. If I can't think, I can't escape.
(WALKING)

DOCTOR:

Wait! Where are you going? You can't escape! There's no door, you know. The wall around us is a complete circle. A hollow circle!

PERI:

(STOPPING, OFF) What did you just say?

DOCTOR:

What?

PERI:

(COMING BACK) A hollow circle? Is that what you said?

DOCTOR:

I didn't say that.

PERI:

Yes you did. Hollow. That's an odd word to describe a wall. That's a reference to something. The Doctor loves his quotes and his references. He never says anything without good reason. What else is hollow?

DOCTOR:

Nothing.

PERI:

A hollow laugh. A victory. No. This is hollow. Right here. Shiny gold, spikey edges! This is a crown! A Hollow Crown! Of course, it's Shakespeare! He always drags out the Shakespeare! A huge, spikey, hollow crown!

DOCTOR:

No it's not.

PERI:

Of course it is. And this curly yellow grass we've been wading through – it's hair! Blond hair...!

FX: SEISMIC RUMBLE.

PERI:

As for that noise: it's breathing...! – No, it's not. It's snoring! The Doctor's not conscious, you're his subconscious!

DOCTOR:

(PEEVED) I forgot you were one of the educated ones. Why couldn't you have been Jamie?

46: INT. PASSAGE OUTSIDE LAB

FX: PTERATRARK AND FLITAMUS' APPROACHING FROM FAR END OF CORRIDOR.

WOLSEY:

(CALLING) Stop right there. Both of you.

PTERATRARK:

(OFF — AT OTHER END OF CORRIDOR) Constable Wolsey? Is that you?

FLITAMUS:

(OFF) What are you doing down here?

WOLSEY:

(CALLING) Oh, just investigating a vile plot to overthrow the royal family of Hurn, Reverend.

PTERATRARK:

(OFF) Oh dear. That sounds terrible.

FLITAMUS:

(OFF) Perhaps we can help you.

PTERATRARK:

(OFF) Yes! Perhaps we could.

WOLSEY:

(CALLING) You could...

(CROSS TO: WITH BARON AND FLITAMUS)

WOLSEY:

(OFF) ... You could turn yourselves in for a start.

PTERATRARK:

(SOTTO) Damn! We're done here. We just have to go in. Leave no witnesses!

FLITAMUS:

(SOTTO) I'm afraid that as devoted follower of Moby, I believe that life is sacred, and the taking of such leads to eternal pain.

PTERATRARK:

(SOTTO) Okay... How long have you got as a devoted follower of Moby?

FLITAMUS:

(SOTTO) About ten minutes, then I'm a seventh-day Cellaphist, I can kill who I want.

PTERATRARK:

(SOTTO) Okay, ten minutes – we can wait. I will call in my Baronial escort from my ship to help us, that will give them time to arrive. (CALLING) Hey, Wolsey – we're thinking about giving ourselves up.

WOLSEY:

(OFF) Glad to hear it.

PTERATRARK:

(CALLING) Just having a bit of a discussion about it.

WOLSEY:

(OFF) What's there to talk about?

PTERATRARK:

(CALLING) Oh, you know...

(CROSS BACK TO WOLSEY AND SPONGE:)

PTERATRARK:

(OFF) ... Logistics. PR. That kind of stuff.

WOLSEY:

(TO SPONGE) They're waiting for reinforcements. We have to strike while it's two against two.

SPONGE:

There is a human coming along the other tunnel behind us. – From the sewer...

WOLSEY:

Are you sure?

SPONGE:

I told you, I have eyes and ears everywhere.

FX: HARCROSS' FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING (FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF SOUND FIELD TO BARON & FLITAMUS).

WOLSEY:

(CALLING) Don't move!

HARCROSS:

(APPROACHING) Don't shoot me! Please!

WOLSEY:

Harcross the Ever-patient. What are you doing down here?

HARCROSS:

I heard Queen Peri was dying, so I had to see her, restraining order or no. Is there anything I can do to help?

WOLSEY:

Certainly. Here. Take this gun.

HARCROSS:

What?

WOLSEY:

You said you wanted to help. The best way to help is to point the gun thataway, and fight with us.

HARCROSS:

Oh.

WOLSEY:

There we go. Three against two.

HARCROSS:

I'm not really a gun sort of person.

WOLSEY:

Two and a half.

47: EXT. WORLD INSIDE DOCTOR'S MIND

FX: SEISMIC SNORE.

PERI:

We're standing on a sleeping figure wearing a crown. Why is that?

DOCTOR:

I don't know.

PERI:

What are you afraid of?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor. I'm not afraid of anything.

PERI:

No, you are afraid, I can sense it. We're on a sleeping king.

DOCTOR:

No we're not.

PERI:

Sleeping kings. Edward the Confessor slept under the dresser... No. Not him. Richard the Fourth liked a snooze... No, wait. I remember there was another sleeping king. The Red King. Alice met him through the looking-glass. That's it, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Oh shut up. I hate you. (BLUFFING) Look! There's a monster. I think we should run now. Very fast. I'd like that.

PERI:

I'm not going anywhere. Now why am I on a sleeping king? Is the clue in the book? Who else was through the looking-glass? (THINKS) Tweedledum and Tweedledee... Always squabbling...

48: INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THRONE ROOM

FX: PHALANX OF 12+ SOLDIERS MARCHING INTO THRONE ROOM, OFF.

GUARD #1:

(WHISPER) Look, there's Pteratrark's Baronial escort.

GUARD #2:

(WHISPER) They're heading into the tunnels under the throne. We're got to stop them.

GUARD #1:

(WHISPER) What? There's at least a dozen men!

GUARD #2:

(WHISPER) I know!

GUARD #1:

(WHISPER) And we couldn't get the palace soldiers to come with us!

GUARD #2:

(WHISPER) I know!

GUARD #1:

(WHISPER) They called us a pair of dimwit guards!

GUARD #2:

(WHISPER) I know!

GUARD #1:

(WHISPER) So, to sum up, there's just two of us!

GUARD #2:

(WHISPER) I – know! But if they get down there the Constable will get blasted to bits and the Princess will die. – Right, I'm going to charge at them screaming in an heroic suicide run. Hold the torch.

GUARD #1:

(ALoud) Oh yeah. Now I get to hold the torch!

SOLDIER:

(OFF, WITH PTERATRARK ACCENT) Wait! (FX: SOLDIERS STOP TROOPING, OFF) Who is there?

GUARD #1:

Oh hell. They've seen us.

GUARD #2:

I know. After three...

GUARDS #1 & #2:

One... two... three. (BOTH SCREAM AS THEY LAUNCH AN ATTACK)

FX: CACOPHONY OF BLASTER FIRE IN RETURN.

49: EXT. WORLD INSIDE DOCTOR'S MIND

FX: SEISMIC SNORE.

PERI:

Who else was through the looking-glass?

DOCTOR:

No-one.

PERI:

You're no help. Of course there was. The Lion and the Unicorn.
Fighting over the crown...

50: INT. PASSAGE OUTSIDE LAB

FX: WITH PTERATRARK AND FLITAMUS.

PTERATRARK:

(CALLING) Constable! We don't want to kill you.

FLITAMUS:

(CALLING) It was not our intention to take lives today.

WOLSEY:

(OFF) I know. I know. Killing us is just your Plan B.

FX: WOLSEY SHOOTS VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE FROM OFF.

WOLSEY:

(OFF) What do you think of *my* Plan B?

PTERATRARK:

Where are my reinforcements, dammit? (FX: SWITCHES ON COMMS)
Baronial escort, come in please!

FX: OVER RADIO, DISTANT SOUNDS OF BARON-LIKE SOLDIERS
SCREAMING, GUNFIRE — IE UNDER ATTACK FROM GUARDS #1 & #2.

FLITAMUS:

Your escort seem... inconvenienced, Baron.

FX: BARON SWITCHES OFF COMMS.

PTERATRARK:

I do not believe they will be joining us.

FLITAMUS:

Then there's no point hanging around, is there?

PTERATRARK:

No.

PTERATRARK & FLITAMUS:

Attack!!! (SCREAM AS THEY CHARGE TOWARDS WOLSEY & CO)

FX: EXCHANGE OF GUNFIRE.

51: EXT. WORLD INSIDE DOCTOR'S MIND

PERI:

Oh, yes, and who could forget the Jabberwock?

52: EXT. BEACH — INSIDE PERI'S HEAD

FX: SCATTERING STONES AS DOCTOR RUNS UP TO CLIFF FACE.

MANDRAKE:

(ROARING FROM OFF) Doctor! Come back here! I'm going to kill you!

DOCTOR:

No, I'm going to die. It's the same outcome, I grant you, but there is a difference..

MANDRAKE:

(APPROACHING) There you are. — It's time for a rematch, Doctor. Let's take a trip back..

FX: FLASH! — SUDDENLY WE CUT TO:

53: EXT. GALLIFREYAN WILDERNESS – INSIDE PERI'S HEAD
[CONTINUOUS]

FX: HOWLING WIND.

MANDRAKE:

... back to the mountain of solitude.

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING AROUND) This is Gallifrey!

MANDRAKE:

Before I absorb your knowledge, Doctor, I want to know how you defeated me, all that time ago. I had an empire, I conquered all. I had Gallifrey within my claw.

DOCTOR:

Does it matter? We're dying, Mandrake.

MANDRAKE:

I want to know! Tell me!

DOCTOR:

Why? Don't you remember?

MANDRAKE:

Tell me!

DOCTOR:

It was easy. I turned and walked away.

(DEATHLY SILENCE)

MANDRAKE:

You did what?

DOCTOR:

I walked away.

MANDRAKE:

That's not an explanation.

DOCTOR:

You see, Mandrake, there's a reason why no-one's ever heard of you. Why you think you've been erased from history.

Crozier wasn't your acolyte. He'd never even heard of you. No-one's ever heard of you, except me.

You're like Ticrodi, and Drast, and the Queen Peri you put on the throne for the past five years. You don't exist. In fact you never have existed.

MANDRAKE:

You're lying.

DOCTOR:

When I was young, I was a very lonely child. Most children had imaginary friends. I had an imaginary enemy. Mandrake the Lizard King was my creation – a vicious tyrant and galactic conqueror who made a blackened trail of chaos across a thousand worlds, and who I would do battle with in the mountains of south Gallifrey.

MANDRAKE:

(STARTING TO SOUND SHRILL, LIKE A CHILD) No, you're lying. This cannot be.

DOCTOR:

You were just a dead lizard, propped up on the side of a chrono-exhaust funnel that poked up out of the ground. I used to sneak out of the Capitol to play goodies versus baddies, and I used to defeat you with my trusty stick.

Then, one day, when events forced me to grow up, I put away childish things, and faced up to the real evil there was in the universe. I also started to make friends. Lots of them. And you, Mandrake, were consigned to the back of my mind.

I can only guess that when Crozier hooked me up to his machine on Thoros Beta and gave me a mental brainstorm, he regressed me to a child-like state... and released you into his computer. So when things got desperate, and Crozier had to transfer Kiv's brain patterns electronically, my memory of you got out into Peri's mind, over-writing the Lord Kiv entirely!

MANDRAKE:

No no no! It's not true!

DOCTOR:

Now loneliness is a monster I don't like to face. But I've just spend five years in a dungeon – put there by you, as a matter of fact. So I'm not as scared of being alone as I used to be... and I'm not afraid of you. You have no right to exist! So go. Go, Mandrake, while you still can! Or I'll poke you with my stick!

54: INT. THRONE ROOM

GUARD #2:

Guard One! Guard One! Oh hell. – Come on, wake up. Wake up!

GUARD #1:

(WEAK AND DYING) Did we get them? The Baron's men?

GUARD #2:

They didn't stand a chance.

GUARD #1:

Good. I think... I'm dying, Guard Two. I know. I can feel it.

(GROANS)

GUARD #2:

Try not to talk, Guard One. Save your breath.

GUARD #1:

(GASP) No, Guard Two. If I don't talk now, I never will, and I have to know we did okay today.

GUARD #2:

Yeah, we did okay. Yeah, we definitely shot the right people.

GUARD #1:

(COUGH) I'm glad. Promise me... if you ever have another kid... you'll name it after me. I'd like to think there was a little Guard One running around the... p... (DIES)

GUARD #2:

I promise.

55: INT. PASSAGE OUTSIDE LAB

PTERATRARK:

(WEAK, DYING) Reverend?

FLITAMUS:

(ALSO DYING) Yes?

PTERATRARK:

Can you see the Constable?

FLITAMUS:

He's lying over there. Next to the body of the Prince.

PTERATRARK:

Is he alive?

FLITAMUS:

Yes. I think they both just got knocked unconscious when that blast hit the wall.

PTERATRARK:

I hope so. I wouldn't want to think the man who killed Baron Pteratrark died from something stupid, like getting hit on the head by a brick. Perhaps I should write him a note in my blood, some final words of defiance. But I'm a bit tired.

(BEAT)

PTERATRARK:

Reverend?

FLITAMUS:

What now?

PTERATRARK:

Are you still alive?

FLITAMUS:

Not really.

PTERATRARK:

Me neither. I never thought I'd end my days like this. Lying in draughty corridor. Shot by a sheep. I was hoping for something you could put on a tapestry. But I don't think this qualifies as a tapestry. — What are you doing, Reverend?

FLITAMUS:

Praying.

PTERATRARK:

Very wise. It is good to make peace before one departs. What are you praying for?

FLITAMUS:

I am praying you die first, so I can have a minute's peace.

PTERATRARK:

I've always hated you. Just thought I'd let you know. I don't know why I ever thought it was a good idea to marry you. Ugggh...
(DIES)

56: EXT. WORLD INSIDE DOCTOR'S MIND

FX: SEISMIC SNORE.

PERI:

Of course! I get it! They were all afraid of the Red King! They were afraid that if the Red King were to wake up, they'd all cease to exist! You don't want me to wake up, do you?

DOCTOR:

Peri, please don't go.

PERI:

Tell me what you are. Be honest now.

DOCTOR:

Only a fragment of the Doctor. The whisper of an echo. The weak, insecure, lonely part of the Doctor. I was so lonely, but then you came, and I felt much better. I know what's going to happen when you go. He'll come back, the good Doctor, and it will all be different. I might not even be here anymore.

PERI:

Answer me one question, and answer it honestly. Does the Doctor need me?

DOCTOR:

Erm...

PERI:

Does he need me?

DOCTOR:

After Flip... yes. Yes, I think he does.

PERI:

'Flip'? What's 'Flip'?

DOCTOR:

Who was Flip, you mean. — Oh, you'll have to ask him.

PERI:

Okay, I will. — Look, I'm going to wake up now. Sorry, but...

DOCTOR:

I know.

HARD CUT TO:

57: INT. LABORATORY

COLIN:

(AS PERI) (SUDDENLY AWAKE) Doctor? Doc - Oh my God, my voice! That's not my voice. That's the Doctor's voice.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR; WEAK) Back with us, are you, Peri?

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Is that me? (SIGHS) Doctor, what have you done now?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I must say, you're looking awfully handsome today.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Enough with the jokes. (GETS UP, OFF BED) Come on, Doctor. We can't just lie around wearing each other's bodies all day.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) No. - I think I might need you to help me up.
(GROANS)

COLIN:

(AS PERI) (CROSSING TO NICOLA) It's alright, I've got you. Lean on me.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) It's not alright. I'm dying.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) What?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I have to get to the TARDIS. Help me... get to the TARDIS...

FX: FOLLOW AS THEY STAGGER OFF TO NEXT CHAMBER.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Whatever you say, Doctor. Where is it?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Next chamber...

COLIN:

(AS PERI) In here? - Okay. Don't worry, I've got the key. It's safely in my pocket. Your pocket. You know what I mean...

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Yes.

FX: THEY STOP AT TARDIS.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Here we are.

FX: KEY IN LOCK. TARDIS DOOR OPENED. THEY STAGGER THROUGH INTO:

58: INT. TARDIS

FX: TARDIS HUM. THEY ENTER, COLIN-AS-PERI SUPPORTING NICOLA-AS-DOCTOR.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Okay Doctor, we're in the TARDIS. What's going on?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Help me to the console.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Why? – Don't tell me. "You'll explain later."

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) There's not going to be a later. Trimorphol. I'm poisoned, I'm dying!

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Well, can't I get you something? Bat's milk or something?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I'm afraid n-[ot] (CRUMPLES TO FLOOR)

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Doctor!

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) It's no good, my legs have gone. Peri, you'll have to do it.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Do what?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Close the doors, for a start. (FX: AS COLIN-AS-PERI CLOSES DOORS:) I could use a little privacy.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Why? (COMING BACK) You're not going to... you know, regenerate?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Don't be ridiculous, I'm in a human body. Yours!

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Then shouldn't we – you know, swap our bodies back?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Too late for that. – Get back to the console, girl!
(FX: AS COLIN-AS-PERI GOES BACK TO CONSOLE) Third panel along,
second tier down, first switch from the left.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) From the left... Got it. – What, you want me to flick
it?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Well, of course I want you to flick it!

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Just checking. No need to get snappy.

FX: SWITCH FLICKED. THE [REAL] DOCTOR'S VOICE FILLS THE AIR,
REPEATED, OVERLAPPING, BUILDING TO A CRESCENDO [AS IN A
REGENERATION SEQUENCE]. SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT INFLECTION ON EACH
REPETITION OF 'DOCTOR!'

DOCTOR:

(THROUGH CONSOLE, D) Doctor! – Doctor. – Doctor? – Doctor!!! –
Doc-tor... [ETC].

COLIN:

(AS PERI) What is it? It sounds like –

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) I only hope I'm not too l- [-ATE](GASPS)

COLIN:

(AS PERI; RUSHING OVER) Doctor. Doctor!

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Is this death?

FX: VOICES CUT OUT.

59: INT. LABORATORY

HARCROSS:

(RUNNING IN, CALLING OUT) Queen Peri? – Queen Peri! Where are you? (STOPPING) Harcross the Ever-patient has come to your rescue!

DIRANI:

(ON BED, OFF. MUFFLED CRY AS IF THROUGH HELMET, COVERING MOUTH)

HARCROSS:

(GASPS, RUSHES OVER) Queen Peri! – Oh, what have they done to you? Let me unfasten you from this contraption!

FX: GRAPPLING WITH STRAPS.

HARCROSS:

How dare they conceal your loveliness under this, this crude metal gag!

FX: BLEEP AS FASTENERS ARE DE-ACTIVATED.

HARCROSS:

There, let me wake my sleeping beauty and gaze upon your...

FX: HELMET CLICKS OPEN.

HARCROSS:

... Oh.

DIRANI:

(GULPING IN AIR) Thank you for releasing me, sir. I was beginning to think I would be tied here forever.

HARCROSS:

(COOL) You're welcome.

DIRANI:

What did you say your name was, handsome stranger?

HARCROSS:

Harcross. Prince Harcross the Ever-patient.

DIRANI:

Well, Prince Harcross the Ever-patient, your valour will be rewarded. You have rescued a Princess of the realm in her hour of need. I am extremely grateful.

HARCROSS:

Yeah, great.

DIRANI:

(PROMPTING) It is traditional to place a kiss on the lips of a Princess, once she has been rescued...?

HARCROSS:

Is it. (BEAT) You haven't seen Queen Peri around here, at all, have you?

DIRANI:

No. I haven't.

HARCROSS:

Okay. — Look, I should go.

DIRANI:

Prince Harcross. If we are to escape from this place you will need to release the rest of my straps...?

HARCROSS:

(BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS IMPATIENCE) Okay, fine.

FX: RELEASES REST OF STRAPS.

DIRANI:

Thank you, noble Harcross.

HARCROSS:

Okay. Well, come on if you're coming.

DIRANI:

Noble Harcross, my legs are weak and shaky from my incarceration. I think I may need to be carried to safety by my noble rescuer.

HARCROSS:

What? (SIGHS) Oh, alright.

FX: HARCROSS STRUGGLES WITH BAD GRACE AS HE LIFTS DIRANI OFF THE TABLE.

DIRANI:

Thank you. You are very strong.

HARCROSS:

(STRAINED) Am I.

DIRANI:

I think we should try the right hand tunnel...

FX: STAGGERS OFF TO RIGHT.

(LONG PAUSE)

DIRANI:

(OFF) Or perhaps the left hand one?

HARCROSS:

(OFF; STRAINED) You're heavier than you look.

FX: STAGGERS OFF TO LEFT.

60: INT. TARDIS

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Doctor? Are you – you – you...?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) (SUDDEN INTAKE OF BREATH; SITTING UP) That's three you's in one breath, young lady.

COLIN:

(AS PERI; RELIEF) Doctor! What – what just happened?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) You saved me, Peri.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) I did?

FX: BANGING ON DOORS, OVER SCANNER.

WOLSEY:

(D, OVER SCANNER) Doctor! Are you in there? Doctor!

COLIN:

(AS PERI) There seem to be a sheep in armour outside. He looks kinda familiar.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR; GOING TO CONSOLE) Don't worry, Peri, he's a friend.

FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

WOLSEY:

(AT DOOR) You are in there!

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Hi. What's your name?

WOLSEY:

Um... Constable Wolsey.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) I'm Peri, that's the Doctor. I'm sure he's going to explain– I mean, she's going to explain everything. Sorry, things seem to have got kinda complicated.

WOLSEY:

(STEPPING IN) Doctor? – You're still alive?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) By the skin of my teeth, Constable.

WOLSEY:

But the Trimorphol-!

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Yes... The Trimorphol. Well, the fact is, there was an antidote after all. I'd made one.

WOLSEY:

What?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) If you recall, I saw Queen Peri put the poison into her own drink.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Queen Peri? – That dream I had, it was real?

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Please don't interrupt me, Peri.

COLIN:

(AS PERI) Oh, sure. Don't mind me. If you want me, I'll be the one in the corner wearing the stupid coat.

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Once I'd seen Queen Peri poisoning her own drink, I knew something was afoot. I went back in time again, back to my cell. Only now, I used my days in prison to develop an antidote to Trimorphol.

WOLSEY:

That's why the guards saw you put something in the drink. It was the antidote!

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Exactly. The pill was designed to lie inert in Peri's system, to be activated by my telepathic command at the last possible moment. Unfortunately, (a) because I was dying, and (b) because my brain was placed inside Peri's, which wasn't what I'd planned, the signal wasn't working.

WOLSEY:

(NOT FOLLOWING) Right...

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Well, that was why I needed Peri here to get me into the TARDIS. (NO RESPONSE; IMPATIENT) In order to open up the TARDIS's telepathic circuit, and thereby activate the antidote!

COLIN:

(AS PERI) So that was what all that was about!

NICOLA:

(AS DOCTOR) Exactly. I didn't just need the TARDIS to save my life, I needed to flush out the mind parasite, and find somewhere to imprison it! – Now, then. Peri. I presume you'd like your body back...?

61: INT. THRONE ROOM (LATER)

FX: FADE UP. CHATTER OF ASSEMBLED DELEGATES.

FLUNKEY:

Silence! Silence for the Princess Dirani!

FX: HUSH.

DIRANI:

Loyal subjects of Hurn! Let it be known that I have at last chosen the person I am to marry. I introduce to you the noble hero who rescued me in my hour of greatest need, and in doing so stole away my heart: Prince Harcross of Hobril Minor! (BEAT; NUDGE) Well, say something, my love!

HARCROSS:

Um. Yeah. Hello.

FX: APPLAUSE. CHEERING.

GUARD #2:

Aww, they look so happy. Don't you think, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(NORMAL SELF AGAIN) I claim no expertise in matters of the heart, Guard Two. But I must say, it seems to me [that]

PERI:

(HISSED) Doctor. Don't look now, but there's this sponge thing coming over?

SPONGE:

(APPROACHING, BUTTING IN) Doctor. I was told that you had something for me?

DOCTOR:

(HANDS IN POCKETS) Prince Most-Deepest-All-yellow, yes of course. (HANDING OBJECT OVER) Here, take this. With my compliments.

SPONGE:

What is this insult (BUZZ) object?

PERI:

Part of the TARDIS's telepathic circuit.

DOCTOR:

The part of my TARDIS that the parasite Mandrake fled to. Prince Most-deepest-all-yellow, I give this to you, to hang on your wall.

SPONGE:

I thank you, Doctor. If you want to help the society preserve more alien mind parasites we will gladly accept more donations.

DOCTOR:

I'll bear it in mind.

FX: SPONGE WALKS OFF AS DIRANI & HARCROSS COME OVER.

DIRANI:

Doctor, the world of Hurn will be forever in your debt. My new King and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts. – Don't we, my love?

HARCROSS:

(TESTY) Yes. Thanks.

DOCTOR:

Oh, it was the least I could do.

DIRANI:

You're too modest.

DOCTOR:

I must confess that it was all done from the most selfish of motives. To save my friend here.

DIRANI:

Oh yes, and of course, we are relieved you saved Queen Peri.

PERI:

That's Peri. Just Peri. Not Queen Peri, or Ma'am, or Queen Perpugilliam, just Peri. – Doctor, don't you think...?

DOCTOR:

Yes, time we were off. Goodbye, your Majesty; goodbye, your Highness. Goodbye, Guard O[ne] – oh, where's he gone to?

PERI:

Doesn't matter. (AS SHE AND DOCTOR EXIT) Goodbye everyone..

DIRANI:

Goodbye, Doctor. Goodbye, Peri.

FX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY. BEAT.

HARCROSS:

(UNDER BREATH) Doesn't Peri dress well, my Queen? I bet you'd look marvellous if you dressed like that. And had your hair cut the same way...?

62: INT. LABORATORY (OUTSIDE TARDIS)

FX: FADE UP.

PERI:

... and goodbye to you, too, Constable. It was nice meeting you.

WOLSEY:

I was hoping you'd return with me to Krontep. We do still need a Queen...

PERI:

Sorry, Wolsey. I really wasn't Queen Peri. That wasn't my life. It all feels like a terrible dream.

DOCTOR:

Sometime the difference between a dream and real life, is simply perspective.

WOLSEY:

But what do we say to the Galactic Coalition, about Queen Peri's disappearance?

DOCTOR:

Tell them a story. Tell them how the Baron and the Reverend conspired against Princess Dirani. Tell them how Queen Peri discovered the conspiracy and died bravely trying to stop them.

PERI:

Or you could just tell them she got pricked by a needle and went to sleep for ages.

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Make her memory into a fairy tale. Goodbye, Constable.

FX: DOCTOR & PERI ENTER TARDIS. DOOR SLAMS. BEAT. TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS. CROSSFADE INTO:

63: NARRATION

WOLSEY:

(V/O) And so the name of the widow of King Yrcanos vanished into legend. The Pteratrarks of Terterra and the Conclave of Chiroptera went to war against each other; and, with those two parties having assured their mutual destruction, the Tantross Coalition, headed by Queen Dirani and her knavish King, grew stronger still, heralding the dawn of a new age of galactic peace. An age that lasted until...

... but that's another story.

64: INT. TARDIS

FX: FADE UP IN-FLIGHT FX.

DOCTOR:

You know, Peri – in some ways Mandrake was my most dangerous enemy. He was loneliness. He was right when he said he was my first adversary – and he could well be my last, if I'm not careful.

PERI:

Hey, you're being morbid.

DOCTOR:

No I'm not.

PERI:

Now you're being argumentative.

DOCTOR:

Hah! I can't think why you'd want to stay with me. (FISHING) If you do want to stay with me, that is. – I might even let you borrow my body again from time to time, if you asked nicely...?

PERI:

No, thank you, Doctor. – Who knows, I might still want to marry one day. Settle down. Have kids. I don't think I'd manage that in that your body, do you?

DOCTOR:

(ODD VOICE, AS HE REMEMBERS) No, I don't suppose you would.
(CHANGING SUBJECT) Now, I've an idea where we could go next...

FX: SETTING CONTROLS.

PERI:

Just a minute. – Doctor, who was Flip?

FX: DOCTOR STOPS SETTING CONTROLS.

BEAT.

DOCTOR:

Why do you ask?

PERI:

Something you said. Well, sort of – Oh, look, it doesn't matter. It's just I was wondering, because you said about loneliness, I was wondering, well...

DOCTOR:

Flip... was a friend of mine.

PERI:

Doctor, I said –

DOCTOR:

It needn't be anything regal. But I don't think your current ensemble is quite right for a wedding.

PERI:

Wedding—?!

DOCTOR:

Flip's wedding, yes! – That boy Jared is punching well above his weight if you ask me, but as you know, matters of the human heart will forever be a mystery to me..

PERI:

I get it now. When you said 'took the plunge', I thought you meant she'd burned up in the atmosphere, or something.

DOCTOR:

What? No...! Admittedly, I had to engineer a temporary rip in the space-time continuum to shorten her fall back to Earth; to a few hundred feet into the Indian Ocean. Which was a little bit naughty, but you won't tell the Time Lords, I trust?

PERI:

Tell them what?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. – Well, the next thing I heard, there was a wedding invitation in the PO box I keep back in London.

PERI:

That's a relief. But I'm not sure if I fancy being your plus-one at a wedding right now. If that's alright.

DOCTOR:

Oh well, I suppose I can wait. But I will go back one day. Because the thing is, Peri: I always go back. For my friends. In time, I always go back.

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME.

THE END